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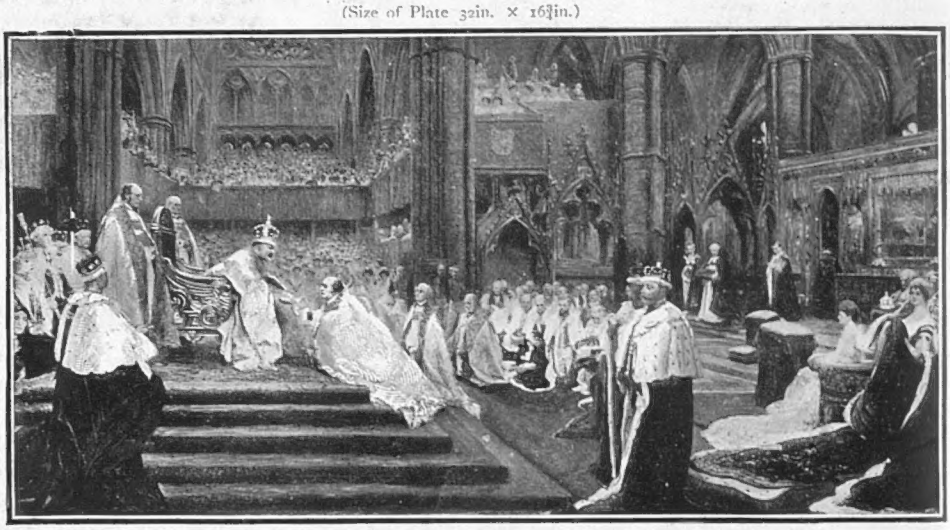

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- - CONTENTS - -

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No. 52.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] Wednesday, November 30, 1904 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Miss Nellie Bowman

The dainty little actress, who will again take a leading role in the Annual Christmas Entertainment at the Garrick Theatre

No. 52.—Vol. IV.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, November 30, 1904

	PAGE
Frontispiece	543
The World's Pageant	545
"At the Sign of the Times"	548
People of Interest	551
Shopping as it Should Be	556
Can Russia Invade India? By Caldwell Lipsett	557
Our Short Story—"Fortune's Deal." By Bertha Deane-Freeman ...	562
Concerning the Tsar (No. 52 of the Series)	564
The Riviera for the Christmas Holidays. By Eustace Reynolds-Ball, F.R.G.S.	569
Some Riviera Resorts. By "Peram-bulator"	581
The Library	588
The Admiral Coligny	590
Gossip About Books	592
By Field, Stream, and Covert. Edited by the Hon. L. J. Bathurst ...	594
Winning Jockeys	599
Automobile Topics	601
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	604
The World of Entertainment	606
Woman's Pocket Book	608
Matters Musical	610

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"The Gate of the Kiss." By John W. Harding. (Gay and Bird: 6*s.*)

"The Compact." By May Evans. (Walter Scott: 6*s.*)

"The Talking Master." By W. Teignmouth Shore. (Isbister: 6*s.*)

"Julia." By Katharine Tynan. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

"At Sunrise." A Story of Dartmoor. By Herbert Spurrell (Greening: 6*s.*)

"Doctor Luke." By Norman Duncan. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"New Treasure Seekers." A book for boys and girls. By E. Nesbit. Illustrated in black and white by Gordon Browne. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Thomas's Hunting Diary." 1904-1905. Edited by W. H. May and A. W. Coaten. (*County Gentleman* Office: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Through Town and Jungle: Fourteen Thousand Miles Awheel among the Temples and People of the Indian Plain." By W. H. Workman and Mrs. Bullock Workman. 202 Illustrations and Map. (Fisher Unwin: 21*s.* net.)

"The King's Homeland." Sandringham and North-West Norfolk. By W. A. Dutt. (A. and C. Black: 10*s.* net.)

"William Tell Told Again." A book for boys and girls. By P. G. Wodehouse. Illustrated by Philip Dadd. (A. & C. Black: 6*s.*)

"Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott." By Mrs. Hughes. Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. (Smith, Elder: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Canterbury Pilgrimages." By H. Snowden Ward. With many Illustrations. (A. and C. Black: 6*s.*)

"The Manual of Toy Dogs and their Treatment." By M.L.W. (Sydney Appleton: 2*s.* net.)

"Villette." By Charlotte Brontë. (Nelson's New Century Library: 2*s.* net.)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, November 30, 1904

Winter descended upon us last week with a vengeance, and yet, general as this remark is, it needs to be qualified. While trains were being held up by snow drifts, and while unfortunate persons in certain localities in the North and Midlands were frozen to death, the South-West corner of England was rejoicing in an Indian summer of such mildness that children were paddling in the sea, the roses were in full bloom, and the warmth of the sun was rather more suggestive of midsummer than November. Meantime, London, which is proudly maintaining a reputation for being nearly the coldest corner of this little isle of such varying climates, is wondering whether it is time to look out skates or whether next week it will be too warm to bear an overcoat.

* * *

The weather's vagaries are notorious, but it is not often one hears that it has been about twenty degrees colder at Naples than it is at a little seaside resort in Cornwall. What causes these extraordinary fluctuations of weather? The Meteorological Office

COLONIAL RECIPROCITY

Mother England (to her daughters): "Of course, you have your own homes, my dears, and they are your first concern, but I'm sure your old mother comes next"

"He won't work, and I want you to chastise him"

This was said by a lady speaking of her husband to a London magistrate. The request suggests possibilities

"Nothing, *on dit*, disturbs the imperturbable good temper of King Carlos"

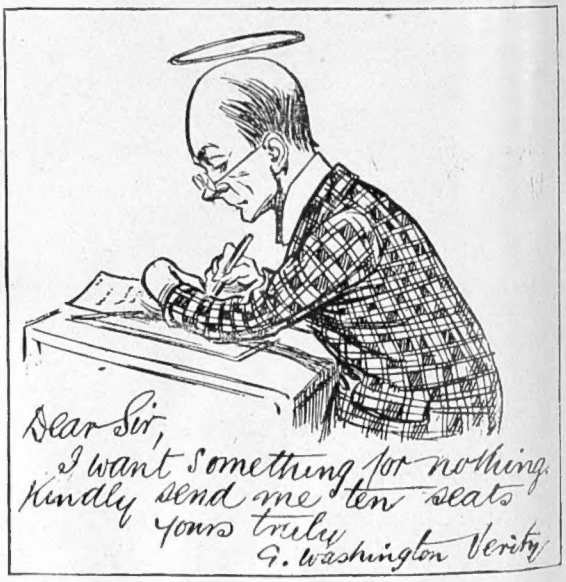
It must have suffered a severe strain, though, from the samples of weather we have given him

is informed when a disturbance is approaching, or an anti-cyclone spreading, but it would be very instructive if some scientific report were published explaining the reason of such extremes in heat and cold to which we are so particularly liable in this country. It must be explicable, and it is, moreover, possible, if the science of meteorology were fostered and encouraged, that some means were discovered by which the erratic and changeable extremes of climate might be, in some way, controlled. If it were possible, it would be a matter of first-class importance. It is declared that London loses £250,000 a day when a blanket fog descends with its pall-like obscurity. A blizzard, such as we have lately experienced, must cost a vast sum directly and indirectly. The fog could certainly be checked to a great extent, and one day will be. Is there any reason why the other could not be, at least, mitigated? Is the presence of bergs in the Atlantic responsible to any extent for its origin?

* * *

Miss Olga Nethersole, feeling inclined to challenge the verdict of a hostile gallery, hit on the idea of inviting the readers of the *St. James's Gazette* and the *Daily Express* to witness her play, *The Flute of Pan*, without their having to pay. It is said that over a quarter of a million persons expressed their willingness to give an opinion as to whether the play appealed to them if given the chance of free seats. Most people are apt to be appreciative if they are guests at a play-house. To be ultra-critical would be looking, in a way, a gift horse in the mouth. In this case, a packed house of free paper almost unanimously approved of the play. Thus everybody, from Miss Nethersole

The "Bystander" Girl (*loq.*): "It's my birthday next week. Don't forget"



Some of the reasons given by applicants for seats for the invitation performance of the "Flute of Pan" were distinctly *original!*

THE KING AS THE GUEST OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIE JAMES

Photo by *Knights-Whittome*

The Shooting Party at West Dean Park

STANDING (*from left to right*): Col. Davidson, Hon. J. Ward, Hon. H. Stonor, Mr. W. James, Miss Roche, Mrs. Keppel, Lord Saville, Lady Cadogan, Mrs. Arthur James, Lord Hyde, Mr. A. Sassoon. SITTING: Mr. Keppel, Mr. Grenfell, Lady Saville, Mrs. Willie James, H.M. The King, Consuelo, Duchess of Westminster, Mrs. Sassoon, Mrs. Sneyd

downwards, is satisfied. But what does it prove when all is said and done? Merely that a great number of people like to get something for nothing. If all our theatres were to open their portals wide to Tom, Dick, and Harry, no doubt cavilling criticism would be a thing of the past.

THE FIRST GAME OF HOCKEY AT LORD'S

Middlesex *v.* United Hospitals: Middlesex take the ball up the field

A ground rendered bumpy by the frost signalised the first hockey match played on the famous St. John's Wood enclosure. The County team, after being a goal down at half-time, proved successful by two goals to one

"At the Sign of the Times"

Winter Portents

All manner of portents denoting the severity of the coming winter have occurred during the past week. A large whale has been seen in the Channel, moving serenely along as if under the impression that it was navigating the Polar Sea. A rat has flown at the imitation head on the fur boa worn by a young lady who was walking—says a contemporary with an eye for detail—near St. Agnes, Cornwall, and bitten a large piece out of the fur, in the conviction, apparently, that it—the rat—was as much entitled to have something warm to wear as the young lady. An Essex shepherd has eaten a mouse.

A Simple Meal

It is true that the Essex shepherd ate the mouse, not so much to keep the cold out as to win a wager consisting of four pints of beer, and was, as a matter of fact, charged with being drunk. But then, in a warmer season, four pints might only have made him happy. In any case, we have had snow in November and a wind not unworthy of Manchuria.

Hampers for Christmas

At such a time our thoughts turn naturally to the Christmas hamper. We understand that an eminent league in Birmingham has arranged, and is now ready, to send out, post free, hampers containing the following good-cheer:

(1) A ten-shilling Christmas hamper, consisting of:

One medium-sized British turkey.
Miniature photograph of Mr. J. Chamberlain.
"Why England is going to the Dogs." By a Tariff Reformer. (40 pp.)
Three home-grown oranges.

(2) A fifteen-shilling Christmas hamper, consisting of:

One large-sized British turkey.
Cabinet photograph of Mr. J. Chamberlain.
"The Decay of the Tin-Plate Industry." By Two Tariff Reformers. (90 pp.)
"Retaliation: a Poem." (143 pp.)
Silhouette of Mr. Chaplin.
Six home-grown oranges.

(3) A guinea Christmas hamper, consisting of:

One giant British turkey.
Life-size portrait of Mr. J. Chamberlain.
"Will Jam Save us?" By Six Tariff Reformers. (210 pp.)
"The Meaning of Insular Free Trade." A Supplement. (500 pp.)
Composite Photograph of (*a*) Mr. Chaplin, (*b*) Sir Howard Vincent.
Twelve home-grown oranges, and
A pound of sausages.

These can all be recommended.

Boy: "Please, zur, I've just bin across to Varmer Venn's, an' 'e says 'e can't give no more nor eight shillin' a score for pigs o' your size"

National Greetings

Whether it is wise to greet a foreign potentate with inscriptions in his own language instead of in one's own is a moot point. The lines from Camōens, which were blazoned along the processional route of the King of Portugal were apt enough; but they were not understood by very many people, and we are not sure that good wishes could not have been expressed as hospitably and sincerely in English. Of course, it may be urged that it is our guest's pleasure rather than our own that should be consulted, and that is true enough.

Where They Might Land Us

On the other hand, our Royal visitors come from so many quarters of the world nowadays, that to hail them all in their own tongues and with lines taken from the greatest of their national poets would be almost impossible. It would involve, moreover, the taking over of

sentiments which some Englishmen would regard as strange or even repellent. Camōens speaks our own thoughts: but suppose, for a moment, the following line from an African Shakespeare set up to greet the arrival of some dusky monarch:

Tch'engo Tchuk n'gabi: Tchelki n'gu,

or, translated into English:

We will rub noses, brother: together we will eat fat grubs.

It would never do.

A Nursery Rhyme

(With apologies to Mr. C. Arthur Pearson)

"Won't you buy my penny paper?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"You'll find its tone as heretofore unutterably high:
"'Twill scorn to treat of topics that please vulgar men and sinners—
"Such as Divorce Court Cases, Shocking Murders, All the Winners."

"Won't you buy my penny paper?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"Its staff will be the very same as used to make you buy:
"They'll never, never dog your steps with Late Football Editions,
"They'll never rouse your ire with Hidden Treasure Competitions."

"Won't you buy my penny paper?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"Don't heed what those Free-traders say—I've given them the lie:
"Try it, and ere your antiquated notions you have missed,
"You'll find you're glad that—like yourself—it's turned Protectionist." MINIMUS

The Miseries of Make-believe

"What have you been doing to Willie to make him cry?"
"Nuffin'! We're playing steamboats with the hammock, and he don't like the game 'cos we're playing that he missed the boat"

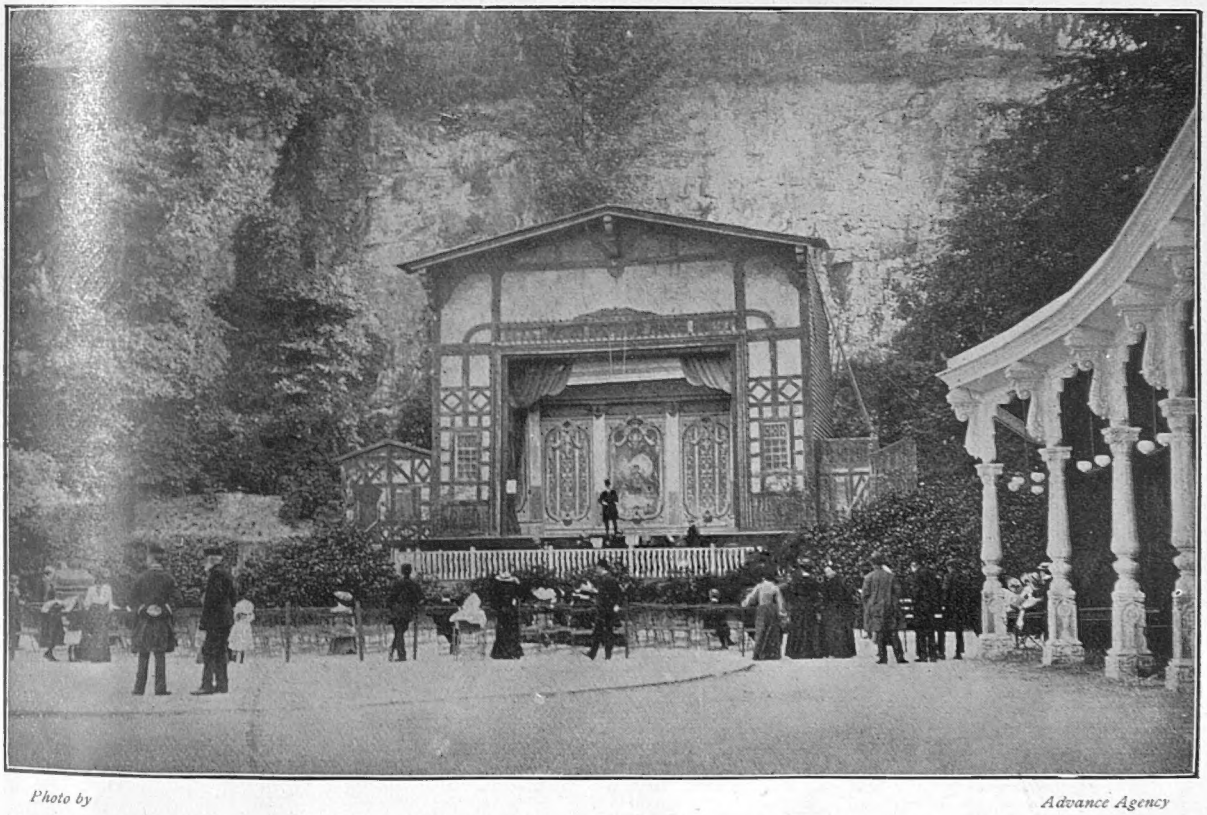


Photo by *Advance Agency*

Rosherville Gardens: The famous pleasure grounds near Gravesend, which after many unsuccessful resuscitations, are at last to disappear

Dear old Rosherville! with its faded and somewhat cheap glories of the past—"the place to spend a happy day," as we were informed a few years back by innumerable posters spread broadcast over London—is about to disappear. Formed out of an abandoned chalk-pit, it is a triumph of art over nature, for the gardens were certainly pretty, though their beauty was not enhanced by the acrobatic performances, ballets, and outdoor dancing, which were the principal attractions provided for their rowdy frequenters. And if we cannot agree with the old advertisement which described them as "sublimely picturesque, truthfully charming, truly rural, and veritably salubrious," they are at least a regretted link with the past—with Vauxhall, and with the departed Surrey Zoological Gardens

The Compliments of the Season

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

"Mother says she's very pleased to see you playing on our pond. An' says please not to drownd yerself, nor the baby, nor the dorg, in it, 'cos we 'as to drink it"

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Viscount Newry

Many good old customs, which formerly served as an excuse for merry-making by the tenantry of an English estate are dying hard. But the coming-of-age celebration, hallowed by time, is still in a tolerable state of preservation. The latest hero of this festive occasion is Viscount Newry, eldest son of the Earl of Kilmorey, who attained his majority last Saturday. Viscount Newry is the youngest male member of the peerage who is married, his wife, whom he married this year, being the Hon. Margaret Bruce, daughter of Baron Aberd...

The Late Mr. Walter Shoolbred

In the days when the motor was unknown, few men were better known "on the road" than Mr. Walter Shoolbred, who, to the deep regret of countless friends, succumbed recently to a severe attack of pneumonia, in his sixty-third year. The New Times, which he drove to and from Guildford for nearly thirty years, was generally acknowledged to be as well turned out and smartly horsed as any coach in the universe. Mr. Shoolbred, who, in spite of his sporting predilections, was of a singularly retiring nature, was always an out-and-out sportsman, whether handling the ribbons or tramping over Scottish heather. For racing he had no great partiality, though he owned a thoroughbred or two in his day. As a volunteer he was most enthusiastic, entering the 13th Middlesex as quite a young man, and attaining the rank of major in twenty-seven years of zealous service. A very capable man of business, he was largely concerned in extending the range of his firm's operations to their present proportions, while he was noted as being most considerate to all in his employment.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Viscount Newry, Lieutenant 1st Life Guards

Viscount Newry is the eldest son of the Earl of Kilmorey, and attained his majority last Saturday

Miss Ethel McCaul

Miss Ethel McCaul, who is shortly publishing her impressions of the Japanese Red Cross system, is in many ways one of the most remarkable women of the day. As a nurse, she is a worthy successor to Miss Florence Nightingale, and her courage and devotion during the trying march to the relief of Ladysmith are not likely to be forgotten in Britain. Another proof of her power of organisation as well as of her kind heart was the founding of the Union Jack Club—perhaps the greatest achievement of her life. Miss McCaul's recent visit to Japan was taken at the special request of Queen Alexandra, and the Mikado's Government were much flattered at this proof of Her Majesty's interest. They offered Miss McCaul every facility for the success of her mission, and she has returned full of enthusiasm about the perfection of their military hospitals. "Their nursing arrangements are perfect," she said, on one occasion, "and everything is done marvellously well."

An Interesting Wedding

The marriage of Mr. "Pat" de Bathe and Miss Violet Wood this afternoon (November 30) is exciting an unusual amount of interest, as both bride and bridegroom are very well known and exceedingly popular members of Society. Miss Violet Wood is a beautiful brunette, and is one of the best dancers and cleverest skaters in London. Mr. de Bathe is a member of the Diplomatic Service, at present attached to the Embassy at Berlin. He is a member of an interesting family circle, as his elder brother is married to Mrs. Langtry; and his sisters are the beautiful Lady Crossley, Mrs. McCalmont, and the Hon. Mrs. Harry Lawson. Sir Henry de Bathe, his father, is a wonderfully vigorous old man, in spite of his eighty-two years. At weddings and other festivities he usually reverts to the fashion of his youth, and appears in a blue cloth coat, with brass buttons, a black silk stock, and a bright buff waistcoat.

Photo by **Miss Ethel McCaul** [*Russell*

Who has been to Japan, by desire of Queen Alexandra, to report on the treatment of the wounded, and the equipment of the Japanese field hospitals

Sir Edward Carson

In addition to the great issues involved in it, the Hooley case is an interesting legal battle by reason of the array of talent engaged in it. The forces for the prosecution are led by Sir Edward Carson, who is less known to the public than many a man of meaner attainments. The Solicitor-General's professional manner as a prosecutor has been termed deadly in its incisiveness, but his speeches are at times enriched by a delightful Irish brogue.

Photo by **Miss Violet Lindsay Wood** *Langfier*

Photo by **Mr. "Pat" de Bathe** *Langfier*

WHOSE WEDDING IS CELEBRATED TO-DAY AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Major Evans Gordon

The alien immigrant, having for years enjoyed, if not the fat of the land, at least, a goodly portion which belonged by rights to the free-born Britisher, has lately been having very much less of a time. For this change in his prospects the public has to thank, and the immigrant to blame, Major Evans Gordon. The Member for the Stepney division of the Tower Hamlets is whole-souled in his attacks on the immigrant. He has made a most painstaking study of his quarry. The Major knows how many cubic feet of air the alien breathes; the amount of food which just suffices to keep him alive; his shortcomings as a citizen; his inclinations towards crime. The evidence given by Major Evans Gordon before the Commission on Alien Immigration some months back showed in the most unmistakable manner that the state of affairs was so bad as to call for immediate legislation. Day by day the evidence against the aliens piles up. The latest objectors are the local pilotage authorities, who have resolved to make a stand against the granting of licenses to local pilots. Lord Claude Hamilton and Lord Charles Beresford have pointed out the power of evil which the alien pilot might become in time of war. Perhaps, in time, the opinion of men in authority, and the hard work of Major Evans Gordon, will be crowned with success.

Major Evans Gordon

Member for the Stepney division of the Tower Hamlets and one of the strongest opponents of alien immigration

(*Photo by Beresford*)

Photo by *Jenkins*

Lord Ampthill, G.C.I.E., G.C.S.I.

Acting Viceroy of India during the absence of Lord Curzon

Mr. H. M. Tennent

Mr. H. M. Tennent is the newly-appointed Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Hockey Association, and thus becomes the moving spirit in the governing body of the game. The position is no sinecure, but Mr. Tennent is already well acquainted with the official control of hockey, as he held last year the post of Match Secretary to the Association. The new secretary is a player of no mean repute; he learnt his hockey at Blackheath School, and, after captaining the school team, moved on to become both hon. secretary and captain of Oxford University. Since leaving the 'Varsity he has played regularly for Blackheath, and is now captain of that club. He first played for Kent as long ago as 1896, and has several times filled a position on the half-back line of the South of England eleven. It seems not unlikely that Mr. Tennent may signalise this, his first year of office, by gaining an international cap.

Sir Edward Carson, K.C., Solicitor-General

Leading Counsel for the Prosecution in the trial of Healey and Lawson at the Old Bailey

(*Photo by Beresford*)

The New French War Minister

If a knowledge of men be, as it has been said to be, the first duty of a Premier, M. Combes, in his choice of M. Berteaux as General André's successor, has certainly shown that he possesses more than the usual qualifications for his post, for never, in all my varied experience of Ministers of the Third Republic, has one so popular as M. Berteaux held the unenvied portfolio of Ministre de la Guerre. The new chief of the Army is, as all the world now knows, a stockbroker by trade, and naturally the Opposition press are making merry o'er the fact, but in spite of their spite, although the *Libre Parole* and the *Gaulois*, as

well as the now anti-Ministerial *Figaro*, may twit him with the cheap jest of his orders as War Minister to Dumanet, the private, and Dumanet the private's orders to him as Agent de Change, the new occupant of the Ministerial chair in the Rue St. Dominique

Photo by] **Mr. H. M. Tennent** [*Hills and Saunders*
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Hockey Association

has already shown, not only his goodwill, but eke his excellent capacity.

M. Berteaux is Non-committal

Henri Maurice Berteaux, when, in 1893, he first became deputy for Seine et Oise, had been a sworn stockbroker for four years, and Mayor of Châtou, near St. Germain, for two. He is rich, charitable, and has a breadth of manner which, when combined, as it is in his case, with undoubted intelligence and breadth of mind, goes far in France to make a man successful. It has always been one of the puzzles for the newcomer in the press "tribune" of the Paris Chamber to guess to which party M. Berteaux belonged. He was to be seen at one moment chatting affectionately to a member of the Government—usually, for this is a trick of his, with an arm around his neck. Five minutes later his encircling arm would be seen round an ardent Nationalist, and after that he would be whispering to M. Jaurès or to a Socialist of the Extreme Left, and leaving him to tell the Bonapartist, M. Lasies, a funny story. All Paris is busy just now wondering what uniform, if any, the new Minister of War will wear at the review next Fourteenth of July, for in the Army, of which he is chief, his rank is merely that of captain of artillery, and a reserve captain at that, while in the Legion of Honour his rank is that of a simple Chevalier, and most of his subordinates at the War Office could, if they would, take precedence of him. If he does don his captain's uniform on July 14 he will, at a bound, spring into a Boulanger-like popularity. A touch of the theatrical goes far in France.

Miss Evelyn Nesbitt

If the London correspondents of the American press—those wizards who touch up the dull life of the Metropolis—are to be believed, Miss Nesbitt, whose portrait adorns the following page, unconsciously exerts her powers of fascination to the danger point. The name of the lady has lately been coupled with that of Mr. Thaw, son of a Pittsburg millionaire lately deceased, and brother of the Countess of Yarmouth. We quote a paragraph from

Photo by] **M. Berteaux** [*Gerschell*
The new French Minister of War

an American source, which, as a delightful example of poetical imagery united to imaginative personality, would be difficult to equal: "Friends of the young man's mother say that her worry over the marriage of her son is great. She has spent at least $1,000,000 trying to keep him from just such a marriage. Evelyn Nesbitt was the daughter of an Alleghany attorney. In spite of exquisite beauty of features she is very serious in manner, suggesting the student. She gives a living lie to the statement that beauty is only skin deep. Her beauty extends below the skin, and permeates the heart and mind."

Alfred Capus's New Play

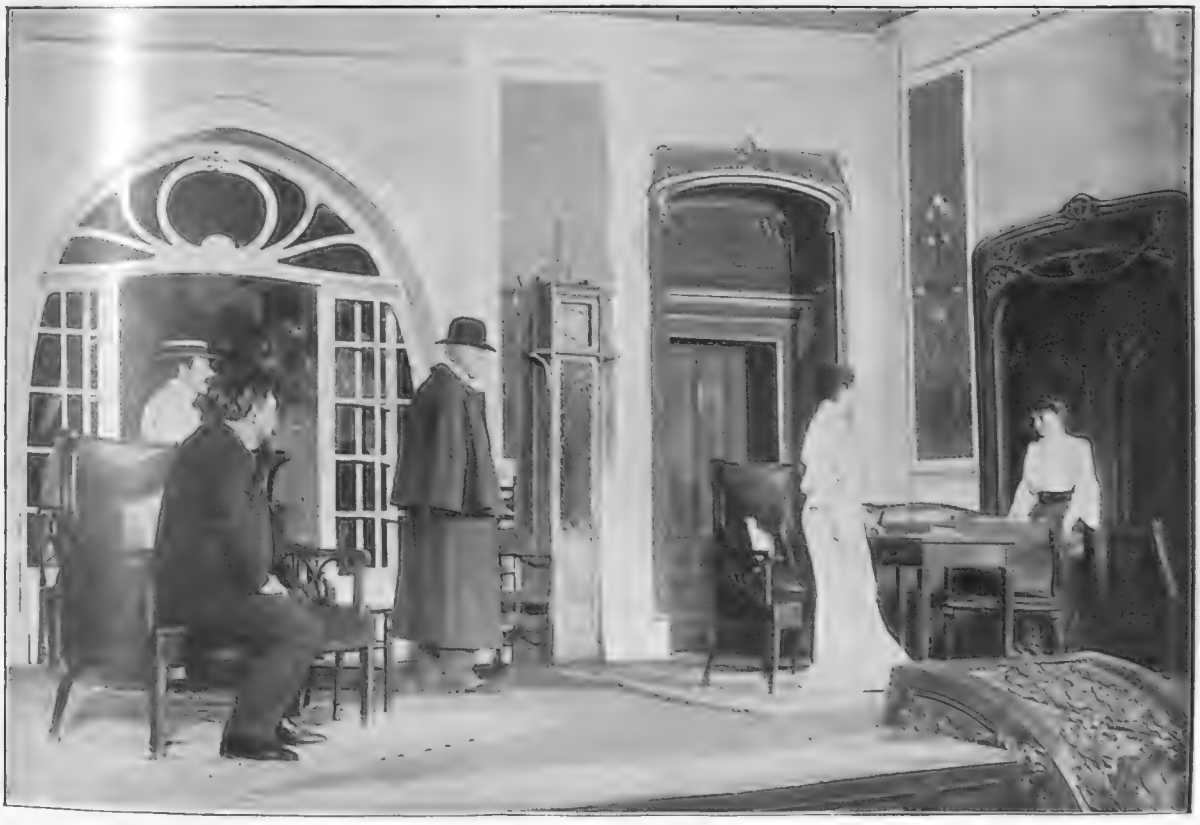
The latest theatrical event of Paris has been the performance at the Comédie Française of *Notre Jeunesse*, the first play by Alfred Capus, to be produced at the Maison de Molière. It is not altogether a pleasant story, though it is told with M. Capus's usual brilliance of dialogue and mastery of society detail.

Lucien Briant de Feraudy lives with his father, and, though he is himself a man of forty, is afraid of and entirely subservient to him. When a young man, Lucien had a *liaison* with a woman of humbler birth than his own, and when, by his father's wish, he married, left her and his unborn daughter, Lucienne, with a sum of money and without good-bye. The deserted woman dies, Lucienne is left destitute, calls upon Chartier (Coquelin Cadet), her father's friend, for aid, and learning that her father has refused to see her, refuses money help from either of them. But Chartier, on advice from Lucien's widowed sister, makes Lucienne and Lucien's young wife, Hélène (Madame Bartet), acquainted, in the hope that the girl may save Madame Briant from a *faux pas* which she is contemplating. Hélène adopts the girl, and it is Lucien's father, not his child, who lives his life out in solitude.

Miss Evelyn Nesbitt

Reputed to be the most beautiful girl model in the world. Rumours of Miss Nesbitt's engagement to Mr. Thaw, brother of the Countess of Yarmouth, have, it is stated, caused some anxiety to his family in America

M. Capus was, I think, somewhat overawed at the idea of being played at the Française, and *Notre Jeunesse* lacks the irresponsible good humour for which all former plays by the same author have been remarkable. Alfred Capus says of himself that the years of his life in which he gathered the material for all that he has written since, were the three years from 1879 to 1882, in which he ran through a pretty large fortune, and worked at nothing, except the spending of it. "*J'ai fait la noce*," he says, with the broad smile, which is as well known on the Boulevards as is his single eyeglass, "and met so many other people doing so, that I, grasshopper though I was, garnered an ant's full stock of good dramatic grain."



Final Scene of "Notre Jeunesse," the new play by M. Alfred Capus, just produced at the Comedie Francaise

This scene represents the departure of Briant père (Leloir). The ladies at the table are Hélène Briant (Madame Bartet) and Lucienne (Mademoiselle Piérat). The men are Chartier (Coquelin Cadet), and Lucienne's father, Lucien Briant (De Feraudy). Briant père seeing Lucienne, whom he does not of course know, bows to her. "Who is that?" she asks. "Your Grandfather" replies Hélène; and on this acknowledgment by the young wife, of her husband's natural child, the curtain drops

ILLOGICAL WOMANHOOD

"You'd come and help me if you were half a man!"

CAN RUSSIA INVADE INDIA?

KITCHENER'S FRONTIER OUTPOSTS AND THEIR DEFENCES

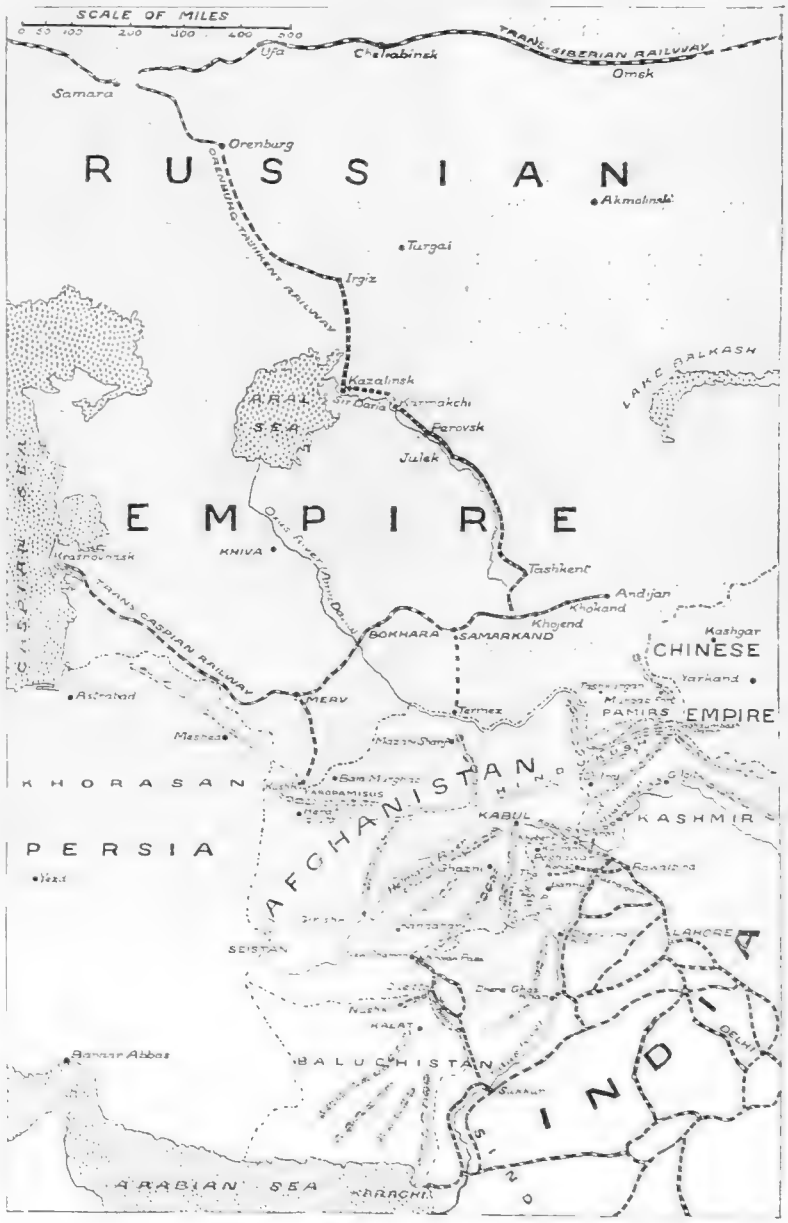
By CALDWELL LIPSETT

It is a disputed point in Anglo-Indian politics whether Russia does or does not desire India for her own possession. India is a poor country, liable to famines, and unsuitable to colonisation by the white man. It does not, therefore, afford an outlet for Russia's superfluous peasant population, which is at present the main object of her desire. But these are long views, and can only appeal to the statesman. The military party in every country is always in favour of a policy of adventure; and, though Russia might not go to war with us for the sake of winning India, it is fairly certain that, if war arose through other causes, one of the first points to be threatened would be the Indian frontier, if it was only for the purpose of distracting our attention from other quarters and dissipating our strength. An attack on India might be undertaken merely as a diversion, but if it caught us unprepared, it would, undoubtedly, be pushed home. Thus, now that there are possible causes of difference between us, it may be well to ask how our Indian frontier is prepared against eventualities.

Strategic Railways on Both Sides

During the last few years the problem has greatly altered through the building of strategic railways both on the Russian and the Indian frontiers, and there is only one purpose for which such railways can be intended. At present, Russia has two great railway systems in Asia, the Siberian and the Trans-Caspian. The latter extends along the Afghan frontier, with a branch line to Kushk, seventy miles from Herat. But the Trans-Caspian suffers from the disadvantage that it has no direct connection with Europe, and stores have to be shipped across the Caspian Sea from Baku. But Russia is now engaged on a line which will obviate this disadvantage by linking up the Trans-Caspian with the Siberian system. This is the Orenburg-Tashkent line, which is a thousand miles in length, and was to have been opened on October 1 last, but its completion has been delayed until April.

When this line is finished it will be possible for Russia to bring up troops from Europe or Manchuria along the Siberian line and pour them down the Orenburg-Tashkent Railway on to the Trans-Caspian system (see map given below). This will mean an immense strategic advance upon her present position. In addition, it is stated that a new branch line has just been sanctioned from Samarkand to Termez, which is only forty miles from Mazar-i-Sharif, the principal



A sketch map of the Russo-Indian Frontier

Specially drawn from the latest maps for THE BYSTANDER

cantonment in Afghan Turkestan. Thus, in the event of war breaking out, Russia is within striking distance of the two chief military centres in northern Afghanistan, as a preliminary to an advance on India.

On the Indian side, preparations are equally advanced. Within the last few years frontier railways have been built, or are in process of construction, from Peshawar to Dargai, to defend the Malakand Pass, which bars any advance from the direction of Chitral; from Peshawar to Jamrud, at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, in readiness for an advance on Kabul, or to repel any attack from that direction; from Kushalgarh on the Indus to Thal in the neck of the Kurram Valley, the route taken by Lord Roberts in his invasion of Afghanistan during the second Afghan War; from Quetta to New Chaman on the Afghan border, within seventy miles of Kandahar; and from Quetta to Nushki, which secures the trade route to Persia. This last line, if produced through Baluchistan, would flank a Russian advance from Herat on Kandahar. Finally, the whole system of frontier railways is based round the two great arsenals and cantonments of Rawalpindi and Quetta, and extends to the sea at Karachi. During our war in South Africa, we saw what an advantage the command of the sea gave us in pouring stores and reinforcements into the country, and the same would be the case in the event of a war in India. Before Russia could march from Kushk to Herat, and from Herat to Kandahar, by land, England could send troops by sea to Karachi and rail them from there to New Chaman in time to meet the Russian advance.

A bad bit of Frontier Road

From *The Making of a Frontier*, by Colonel Durand. (John Murray)

A "Parri," or cliff, is generally surmounted by two paths, one across the face of it, the other, as seen in the illustration, rising over it. The latter is impossible for animals, and can only be used for men on foot. It is a precipitous and precarious affair depending in places on single shaky planks, ascending in other places 50 ft. up a cleft in the rocks by a series of small tree-trunks, notched to give a foothold

From Herat to Kandahar

What would happen in the event of war? Russia would almost certainly make a simultaneous advance from Kushk to Herat, which is seventy miles away, and from Termez to Mazar-i-Sharif, which is forty miles away. The Amir of Afghanistan has recently ordered the fortification of Herat, and has decided to increase his army by 30,000 men; but Abdur Rahman repeatedly refused the offer of an English engineer to fortify Herat, and Afghan fortifications, or unsupported Afghan armies, could not long hold out against the strength of Russia. The ancient walls of Herat would rapidly crumble to pieces before modern guns, but its fall would entail sufficient delay to give India time to make her preparations. Between Herat and Kandahar there are 300 miles of desert, quite incapable of feeding a large army and its transport animals; and between Mazar-i-Sharif and Kabul the great range of the Hindu Kush intervenes, which would prevent the passage of a Russian army, except in driblets, through the passes. For this reason, military strategists in India think that, if war broke out, we should at once advance to Kandahar and Kabul, in order to meet the Russian armies at the end of a toilsome march through 300 miles of desert, or to crush them in detail as they emerged from the passes north of Kabul. Railway material for this purpose is stored at Peshawar and New Chaman, and is periodically inspected to keep it up to date. Even the future battlefield between England and

Russia is pointed out as probably being Girishk, a few marches north of Kandahar, on the edge of the desert. From the Russian point of view, the *crux* of the problem is primarily one of transport. India can, at the present time, put 160,000 men and 350 guns on the frontier at a moment's notice, and in order to meet these, and hold the line of communications behind them, the Russians would require at least 250,000 men. The transport train for such an army would be enormous. Afghanistan is a very poor country, and produces neither food for man nor fodder for beast, in quantities to be of any use; therefore, the Russians would have to carry all their own supplies with them. A mule eats its own load in thirty days, and it would take more than thirty days to march from Herat to Kandahar, which is still a considerable distance from the cultivated districts of India. During the second Afghan War, all the stores had to be forwarded from India, and we had the greatest difficulty in feeding our armies at the front; but they never reached the number of 50,000, and Russia will have to feed five times that number, at a much greater distance from her base. The problem seems insoluble.

Habibullah Khan, G.C.M.G., Amir of Afghanistan

Possible Lines of Russian Advance

Assuming that the Indian Government does not adopt the plan of seizing Kandahar and Kabul, or that our troops have been defeated and are obliged to fall back fighting, the next line of defence, which must be held at all costs, is the line of mountains which forms the Indian frontier. These mountains extend for over 600 miles from Peshawar to Quetta, with only five practicable passes in all that length, namely, the Khyber, the Kurram, the Tochi, the Gomul, and the Bolan. Of these five, the Tochi and the Gomul are only trade routes of not much importance and would not afford passage to an army. The Tochi debouches on the great cantonment of Bannu, and the Gomul on that of Dera Ismail Khan. The other three were used by ourselves in the second Afghan War, and the Khyber and the Bolan are the traditional routes of advance on India. The nearest to Kandahar is the Bolan, which is guarded by the great arsenal and fort of Quetta. But Quetta itself is in the midst of a desert, and is 300 miles in advance of the cultivated districts of India; so that even if the Russians took Quetta, they would be little more than half way to their objective, and would still have a desert and the River Indus to cross in face of our armies. Lord Roberts, who used the Kurram route in his advance to Kabul in 1879, calls it only a back door, and the Peiwar Kotal, which he took from the Afghans, is so lofty that it could not be attempted in face of a European army. In addition, the Kurram is defended by a frontier railway to Thal, and by a large cantonment at Kohat. Thus the only pass left is the Khyber, which was used by all the great invaders of India, such as Timour, Baber, and Mahmud of Ghazni. This is the route which is almost bound to be chosen, because it is the shortest, it leads directly into the cultivated district of Peshawar, which can supply food for an army, and it would make the invasion felt directly in the Punjab, whence the main strength of our native army is drawn.

From Kabul to Peshawar

In order to get from Kandahar to Peshawar, it is necessary to pass through Kabul. This route was traversed in reverse directions by Sir Donald Stewart and Lord Roberts during the second Afghan War, so that it is practicable for an army; it is only a question of the transport difficulty being increased by numbers. Between Kabul and Jellalabad, the road leads through either the Khurd Kabul or the Latabund Pass. It was in the Khurd Kabul Pass that General Elphinstone's army of 16,000 men was destroyed by the Afghans in 1841. In the last war, the Latabund was used instead of the Khurd Kabul, but either of them could be held by a regiment against an army. Between Jellalabad and Peshawar, again comes the famous Khyber Pass, which is equally difficult. The Khyber is some twenty miles long and commanded throughout by lofty cliffs. At the Jellalabad end it is defended by the fort of Lundi Kotal, which is not at present held by a British garrison, partly because the Khyber is very unhealthy, and partly in order to refrain from annoying the Afridis. But at the first hint of war it would be immediately garrisoned by British troops, and in the hands of a modern army it should be impregnable. The other end of the pass, also near Peshawar, is sealed by the fort of Jamrud, which is connected by railway with Peshawar. That city itself is one of the largest cantonments in northern India,

and is connected again by rail with Rawalpindi, the Punjab base of supplies. Thus it will be seen that the system of defensive railways along the North-West Frontier of India is now practically complete, and enables troops or stores to be hurried to any particular spot at a speed with which an invader could not compete.

Chitral and Gilgit

The routes through Chitral and Gilgit were not included in the possible lines of Russian advance, because they are entirely mountain roads, which afford, with difficulty, a passage for the small relief force which we send annually to garrison those outposts. The forts at Chitral and Gilgit would give us ample warning of any advance from that direction. A large army could not make its way over the passes. At most 10,000 men without guns might penetrate with difficulty to the Indian frontier, if they were nowhere opposed; but if used at all, these routes would be merely threatened by flying parties for the purpose of dissipating our strength and creating unrest in the interior of India. The Chitral route leads from Tashkurgan across the Chitral passes, down through Dir and Swat to the Malakand Pass, which is defended by a fort and by a light railway to Dargai, at the foot of the pass. Alexander the Great, in his invasion of India, is supposed to have crossed the passes of the Hindu Kush, north of Kabul, and thence marched through Bajour and Swat to the Indus; but the lightly-marching hosts of the Greeks, Mongol, or Afghan invaders of India in previous centuries were very different from a modern army, with its guns, baggage, and transport train. The Gilgit route starts from Fort Murghab, crosses the Pamirs, whose frozen slopes can be negotiated with difficulty, even by single travellers, and finally debouches in Kashmir, which is still some way from the borders of India proper, and is itself surrounded by lofty and difficult mountains. In fact, both these routes are so difficult in themselves, that the wisdom of spending money on the garrisons at Chitral and Gilgit is much disputed. Lord Kitchener toured round this whole frontier when he first went out to India, and he has just produced a scheme for reorganising the army and redistributing the garrisons of the whole country. The scheme will not come into force immediately, because it is necessary first to build barracks for the accommodation of troops; but it may be assumed that, very shortly, any weak points in our frontier line will be strengthened, and any unnecessary posts abandoned.

A Typical Frontier Defile: The Road to the Takht-i-Suliman

From *The Indian Borderland*, Methuen)

The Attitude of the Afghans

At present the Amir of Afghanistan, desiring his own independence above everything, distrusts the Russians and British about equally, but if the Russians invaded his country he would undoubtedly join us against them. The Afghans are first-rate fighting men, but they have no officers to lead them, and so the co-operation of the regular army would not be any great assistance to us. On the other hand, the attitude of the tribesmen, through whose country both the Russians and ourselves would have to pass, would be of the greatest moment. If we could depend upon the Afghan inhabitants of the country to harass the Russians and leave us alone, to supply us with any surplus stores of food and fodder they might possess, and to starve the Russians, the knowledge would be most useful to us; but, unfortunately, the reverse is the case. The Afghan is the fiercest and most undisciplined mountaineer in the world, and does not yield too much obedience even to his own rulers. Though we were fighting for Afghan independence, and though the Amir might order the tribesmen to assist us, we might still be quite certain that they would shoot and harry any stranger passing through their country, whether Russian or British, with

The Gilgit Valley from the East

From *The Making of a Frontier.* (John Murray)

beautiful impartiality. The one thing we can depend upon is that the Russians will receive no assistance from the Afghans in their march upon India. Every difficulty that a rough and barren country, inhabited by fine guerilla fighters, can put in their way will be forthcoming; but for the regular fighting we shall have to depend entirely upon ourselves. Everyone who knows the Indian army believes that it is fully equal to the task, if it ever meets the Russians in the field.

CALDWELL LIPSETT.

Chitral Fort and Valley

From *The Making of a Frontier.* (John Murray)

FORTUNE'S DEAL

By BERTHA DEANE-FREEMAN

She realised, with a faint dismay, that she was separated from her own party. The crush in the vestibule of the concert-hall was just such a crush of chiffons, furs, and jewels, light overcoats and hugged opera-hats, as one would expect when Madame Lola had sung.

In the sea of bobbing heads she could discern those of her party, a yard or two before. The man seemed to have importantly annexed a stranger, together with the other woman in his care, quite confident, of course, that it was *she* whom he had hold of. When they reached the open he would discover his mistake. Meanwhile, she was hemmed in and jostled; many curious eyes directed towards the graceful woman, in the white cloak, without an escort.

And then a voice behind her said, "Take my arm!"

A good Samaritan was quietly affording her the shield of his great bulk—for a moment his hand had rested lightly on her shoulder Woman-like, she commanded her voice speedily, though she was trembling in every limb.

"You are very good. I have lost my own people—or, rather, they have lost *me*. They are in front."

His dark face was set like a mask.

"I see."

She drew in her breath sharply.

A girl before them caught a bangle as it slipped from her arm, stopping short with a little laugh, and thus impeding progress

"Take care, Dick!"

The little phrase fell involuntary from the white-cloaked woman.

Slowly they moved, step by step, her hand clinging to his arm, his eyes staring straight ahead. The fresh night air blowing in her face intimated to her dazed senses that they had reached the street.

The woman stood still upon the pavement, waiting dumbly. Her friends were not visible, but what mattered it? An excited sensation of being the plaything of Fate mingled with a delicious feeling of security. What would Fate . . . and *he* . . . do with her next? she wondered.

He peered anxiously, irritably, about him.

"They must have doubled back somewhere in search of you."

"Yes. How stupid!"

An unhinged note sounded in her laugh.

"May I inquire what plans you had made?"

"I had promised to return to supper with my friends."

"But now you are tired . . . and cold. I shall send you home."

He spoke as one having authority, which she never dreamt of gainsaying . . albeit she was warm in her furs, and her veins were galvanised to unexhausted vitality.

"I shall put you into my cab; here it comes!"

"But they will continue to search for me," she murmured.

He smiled.

"Allow me to go in search of the search-party, and mention that you have safely returned home . . . quite an easy task! Can you give me any distinguishing marks to aid me in identifying?" She remembered, with some difficulty, outward and visible signs of individuality, which he gravely ticked off on his fingers. Meanwhile, he had opened the cab door for her. She hesitated, glanced into his face . . . and entered.

"The old address."

"I beg your pardon . . . ?"

Her voice shook as she said the number and name of her street.

He repeated it to the driver, and stepped back.

"I am glad to have been of any use. Good night!"

With a little cry, she leant forward, but he was already lost in the crowd. Later, the woman, having merely flung aside her cloak, crouched over the fire in her bedroom until Day flushed the East. Then she fell to writing.

Refusing supper at his hotel, the man thought and smoked far into the night. At length, he, too, fell to writing.

What She had Written

This letter is sure to find you at your club . . . if it be posted. Five years ago (O, Dick, five years!) it was easier to retort in anger than ever own myself in the wrong. Now, it seems a hard thing *not* to plead with you, when a few words may bring me happiness. I remember our bond; I know I am lacking in pride, while you were strong . . . but what does it matter? The making and breaking of God's few great laws create the tragedies, of course, but we are fenced about with absurd little brambles . . . slip among miserable little tares of convention, that are often responsible for the wasted lives and disappointed hearts. I think I should have the courage, of silence if you had even met me as a friend . . . or if you had flinched when your name escaped my lips, unawares . . . if you had turned on your heel, and shunned me. . . . But to be *nothing* . . . in truth, a stranger . . . a stranger to be assisted with courtesy when need arose. . . .

What He had Written

After all, are we quite sure? Five years should have convinced me, you will think; but to-night I am in doubt. Did we have a fair chance? It was only a question of temperament . . . what our neighbours have comfortably dismissed as "incompatibility of temper." You married too early, I too late, in life for us to learn our lesson of "give-and-take" easily. They were pitiable little scenes enough, when you stamped in your picturesque rages concerning trifles, and I sneered, while one word would have set all right. The end was inevitable, I think. In the background were your friends, condoling with you upon your luckless marriage, and mine . . . . urging shooting expeditions to far countries. And so I departed, leaving you behind. "There need be no scandal," but henceforth we were to meet as strangers; was not that it? To-night, *you* tripped. If it had not been for that little "Take care, Dick!" I should merely have appreciated the circumstance (it was so quaint) and have gone on my way, unsuspecting that I loved you still. But somehow, the phrase rang sweeter in my ears than anything I have heard . . . *since*. Furthermore, I had momentarily resumed my right of protection, and liked it! Now what will you say to me?

"Meanwhile, he had opened the cab door for her. She hesitated, glanced into his face . . . and entered"

CONCERNING THE TSAR

(NO. 52 OF THE SERIES)

"If you were Tsar," said a reformer to a wise man, "what would you do?" "Abdicate," answered the wise man, whose wisdom took the common form of considering the universe from the point of view of his own comfort. There can be no doubt that the work of presiding over the destinies of All the Russias is not exactly the task for a man who desires—in the exalted language of the present day—to do himself well. However lightly one may wear the crown, there would be a quite unavoidable feeling of responsibility about ruling over territories comprising one-sixth of the dry land on this planet, and subjects so numerous that no computation can pretend to fix the figure within a few millions. There has only been one census in the history of Russia, and that was taken seven years ago. It put the population at 130 millions, and the annual increase is estimated at a million and a half.

The "Little Father" of the Russian people, who was brought up principally by English teachers and attendants, has very likely heard of the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe. If so, he may well have felt sympathy for her in the harassing position so tersely described in the nursery rhyme; and he may have noted a certain similarity in the methods of dealing with the problem adopted by the Old Woman and his own predecessors in the autocracy. Poor living has always been the fate of the millions of Russia. Harsh treatment and a determination to keep everyone quiet have been cardinal points of government policy for generations.

Unfortunately, it can no longer be pretended that Nicholas the Second is the appointed saviour and benefactor of his people. It is no longer possible to blink the fact that he is too often in the hands of the most reckless of the reactionaries, who advise him to his ruin. Credulous Europe likes nothing better than to hail a new ruler as the destined bringer of blessings; and the new rulers are usually quite ready to pose, to themselves and the world, in that character. But it very seldom comes off; and there has been no failure more lamentable than that of the young Tsar. There have been many fireworks—some are going on now. There has even been the positive triumph of the Conference at The Hague. But that, important as it was to the world, did nothing for the people of Russia. It did not even stand in the way of a grasping policy in the Far East, which has led directly to a war that bids fair to be the fiercest and bloodiest in history, and must add to the miseries of Russia, in any event, for many years to come.

These last words sound unpardonably like a fragment from some political leading article. The fact of the matter is that no Englishman has ever been able completely to keep his temper with Russia, ever since the not very distant days when Englishmen first heard that there was such a place. It is not our fault. Russia has always been very trying. The position in regard to Nicholas is as characteristic as that in regard to his murdered grandfather. Alexander the Second was as good a Tsar as Russia ever had; he abolished serfdom, and was on the point of setting up a constitutional government, when he was blown to pieces by certain of his subjects. Nicholas the Second came to the Throne with the reputation and the declarations of a young prince whose people's happiness would be his own, under whom the name of Russia would become glorious; and within a few years the world finds that the screw has been put on more mercilessly than before, and that every corner of the Empire is complaining of oppression; it hears of the slaughter of Jews at one end of the Empire, and of the drowning in cold blood of thousands of Chinese at the other end.

It all amounts to saying that the Tsar is not a genuis. No other kind of man could grapple with the problem of governing that monstrous territory well. How many, and how grave, mistakes a man of ordinary calibre may make in that position would seem to be largely a matter of luck. It must be hard to keep one's head when the air one breathes is always laden with murder, when four of one's predecessors had been assassinated in 150 years, and when—apart from that small restriction on one's activities—one can do exactly what one likes.

It is possible that more lies have been told about the personality and private life of the Tsar than about any other living man. He has been hailed as an angel of light, and denounced as a miracle of folly and weakness. Mr. Stead has bestowed on him the questionable boon of his approval. The *Quarterly Review* has opened its columns to an attack on him of extraordinary violence. "Personal journalism," baffled in the attempt to penetrate the secrecy of his closely-guarded life, flies to various expedients. In Germany, the manufacture of myths about him is brisk. In France it is hardly less so! but the myths are more flattering. In England, the tendency is to make the sentimental most of what we have in the way of facts, which is not much. His love for his family, his fondness for music, his five languages, his sensitive and emotional character, his good intentions, and his slight resemblance to the Prince of Wales, are the main items in the stock of information we have at command, in this country, about a man whose whole life passes behind a double veil of police secrecy, and the cold reserve of an autocratic Court.

The birth of a son to the Tsar was a more remarkable

Nicholas II. plays the War Game at Home

event than at first sight it would seem; for only once before has an heir to the throne been born to a reigning Tsar; and that was more than two centuries ago. One wonders with what feelings the father thinks of the future that his son may see: for even to the Autocrat, one must think, it cannot be conceivable that the present state of things in Russia will go on much longer.

In addition to possessing the largest river in Europe and the largest lake in Asia, the Tsar draws a higher salary than anyone in the world. His exchequer pays out nearly a million a year to him, in monthly cheques of £80,000. He owns one hundred palaces and castles, and employs thirty thousand servants. There is nothing that he cannot have if he desires it—except peace of mind.

Shopping as it will be

"THE LAW PROTECTS THE HUSBAND FROM THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF HIS WIFE"—LAW OF THE LAND

SCENE: *A fashionable milliner's establishment in Bond Street. A lady wearing sables, which must have cost at least five hundred guineas, steps out of a carriage and pair, the door of which is opened by a liveried footman, and is ushered into the emporium.*

SHOP ASSISTANT (*coming forward*): What can I have the pleasure of showing you, madam?

LADY IN SABLES: I wish to give you an order for some evening gowns.

SHOP ASSISTANT: Certainly, madam; will you step this way, if you please?

(*The Lady in Sables is conducted to the lift, the walls of which are lined with mirrors, and invited to seat herself on a luxurious settee.*)

SHOP ASSISTANT: Take this lady to Mr. Scarem's office, second floor.

LADY IN SABLES: I beg your pardon——

SHOP ASSISTANT: Merely a matter of form, madam. He will not detain you long. (*The lift ascends.*)

LADY IN SABLES (*partly to herself and partly to the lift boy*): But I don't understand. I don't want to see Mr. Scarem; who is Mr. Scarem?

LIFT BOY: He's our lawyer, mum. Fust door on the right.

LADY IN SABLES: This is very extraordinary!

(*Walks to door on the right, which she opens, and finds herself in a sort of outer office, or waiting-room, furnished in the severely chaste style of a solicitor's office. A clerk comes forward to receive her.*)

LADY IN SABLES: I'm afraid I have been misdirected. So sorry, but the lift boy must have put me out on the wrong landing.

CLERK: May I ask you to favour me with your card?

LADY IN SABLES: But there is some mistake, I tell you. I came to order some dresses, and somehow or other I find myself in——Surely this is a lawyer's office?

CLERK: Perfectly correct, madam. If you haven't got a card about you I will take down your name and address, and all the particulars you are able to give me. Pray be seated.

(*Motions the Lady in Sables to a chair close by a table, at which he seats himself and opens a ledger, dips his pen in the ink, and waits with a respectful and yet determined air of expectancy.*)

LADY IN SABLES (*not quite knowing whether to be amused or annoyed*): My good young man, I have no wish to see your employer or consult a lawyer.

CLERK: If you will allow me to refer to your lawyers, that will do equally well. We can make the necessary enquiries of them.

LADY IN SABLES (*beginning to get exasperated*): I don't know what you mean by enquiries, and, if this disgraceful touting for business is done by your employer's orders or connivance, I shall see that my husband brings it to the notice of the Incorporated Law Society.

CLERK: A married lady! I thought as much. That makes the necessity for searching enquiries all the greater. Will you kindly step into this room and see Mr. Scarem himself.

LADY IN SABLES: I refuse to see your principal.

CLERK (*unmoved*): As you please, madam. Allow me to ring for the lift attendant for you. Of course, you quite understand that your refusal makes it quite impossible for Surefitts to take any orders from you.

LADY IN SABLES: Kindly explain yourself. What has Surefitts got to do with you or with——

CLERK: We are their legal advisers. And since Surefitts is a firm which gives credit to ladies, we have made it a rule that all customers are to be sent to us in the first instance, before they are allowed to become purchasers, in order that we may make the necessary enquiries about them.

LADY IN SABLES: How extraordinary!

CLERK: A most necessary thing, I assure you, madam. Single ladies, even with limited private means, we are glad to accept as customers on their own responsibility, and advise Surefitts accordingly; but with married ladies, such as yourself, the case is quite different, as married ladies are always glad to take the opportunity of pledging their husband's credit.

LADY IN SABLES: Yes, but if the husband pays, what does it matter?

CLERK: If the husband pays, it does not matter to our clients; but supposing he doesn't pay, the loss falls upon us.

LADY IN SABLES: If the husband is a man of means, you have your remedy.

CLERK: Pardon me, madam. The husband may be a millionaire, but, if he makes his wife an adequate allowance for her dress, or supplies her with clothes, we have no remedy against him.

LADY IN SABLES: Really! is that so?

CLERK: That is how the law stands at present, and how it has always stood.

LADY IN SABLES: Well, I'm sorry for Surefitts, if that is the case; but, as I have no intention of submitting myself to a species of inquisition, I must drive on to some other establishment where they are not quite so careful.

(*The Clerk blows through a tube; a Commissionaire enters.*)

CLERK: Conduct this lady to her carriage, and tell her coachman to drive to the Edgware Road.

LADY IN SABLES: Thank you. (*To the Commissionaire*): You will tell my coachman, please, to drive to Macq'uins, in Regent Street

CLERK: It is quite useless, madam, all the credit houses are now on exactly the same principle as ours; the only alternative is the Edgware Road.

LADY IN SABLES: How tiresome of them!

(*The Commissionaire is dismissed, while the Clerk enters particulars supplied him by the Lady in Sables in his ledger.*)

G. D. LYNCH

FRENCH RIVIERA SUPPLEMENT.

TO PARIS, THE RIVIERA, AND ITALY

VIÂ

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TURBINE STEAMER "BRIGHTON."

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VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

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Renowned for Comfort.

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Perfect Sanitation.

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Illustrated Tariff Booklets at any of the Gordon Hotels, or 450, West Strand, W.C.

The Riviera for the Christmas Holidays

By EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL. F.R.G.S.

ALL THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF RIVIERA RESORTS IN THIS SUPPLEMENT WERE TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR, AND ARE THE COPYRIGHT OF, "THE BYSTANDER"

Off to the Riviera: A typical scene on the Continental departure platform at Charing Cross

The Sunniest Region in Europe

At the present juncture, when London seems shrouded in funereal gloom, and the fog fiend looms in the murky atmosphere, it is only natural that one's thoughts should turn with longing to the Land of Sunshine—the ideal place for a winter holiday.

Perhaps no more delightful winter quarters exist, within little more than a day of London, than the popular Riviera.

A Comparison with our own South Coast

It is curious that the popularity of the Riviera does not seem much affected by the fluctuations in the tide of fashion, which draw its votaries to Rome, Naples, or Sicily, or across the tideless sea to Algeria or Egypt. It is beside the mark to say, with that occasionally exasperating individual, the "intelligent tourist," that Nice, Cannes, and Monte Carlo are hackneyed and banal: one might, with equal reason, find the same fault with Bournemouth or Torquay. Besides, those mainly anxious to spend a pleasant holiday in a genial climate do not pine for distant or experimental winter resorts, and are quite content to find at Cannes or Monte Carlo a kind of aftermath of the London season.

No doubt the advocates of our own South Coast winter resorts will be up in arms at the suggestion that it is necessary to go abroad to find pleasant winter quarters, and I may be bombarded with climatological records and statistics proving incontestably that the actual winter temperature of Ventnor or Bournemouth is only a few degrees lower than that of the Riviera resorts. Granted; but the point is, the South of France can show an immeasurable superiority in the matter of continuous sunshine, and, after all, that is the chief thing the average holiday-maker cares about. Of course, in the matter of sanitation, English resorts stand first.

Interior of Drawing-room car of the new Côte D'Azur Express, which runs from Paris to Mentone daily

But I have neither space nor inclination to embark here on the controversial question of the relative merits of home and foreign resorts.

The Cost of the Journey Considerably Cheapened

Hitherto, no doubt, the great expense of the journey has placed the Riviera out of court for a short holiday, except for those of ample means, travelling expenses taking up a disproportionate amount of the total cost of the holiday.

Many visitors, in consequence, whose thoughts have turned towards the delights of the Sunny South, have to put up with the English counterparts of Nice and Cannes—Brighton and Bournemouth.

Now, thanks to the enterprise of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway, all this is changed, and a special through service at reduced rates has been arranged for those wishing to spend Christmas on the Riviera, for which the return ticket to any of the Riviera resorts from Hyères to Cannes costs only £9 12*s.* and £6 12*s.* respectively. The train, too, being composed of lavatory corridor carriages and a restaurant car, is, to all intents and purposes, a *train de luxe at popular prices.*

One of the most attractive features in this new service is the second-class bookings, for, as is well-known, on the ordinary P.L.M. expresses no second-class passengers are carried. This concession seems more liberal when it is remembered that the ordinary express to Nice costs nearly double the £6 12*s.* charged for the special Christmas Service. The service, which leaves London on December 23, at the convenient hour of 2.20 p.m., will arrive at the various Riviera resorts the next evening (Christmas Eve).

Railway Travelling de Luxe: A berth on the Cote d'Azur Express

The French "Flying Scotchman"

Tickets are available for the return journey from January 5th to 30th, and the journey can be broken in Paris. Any of the *rapide* and express services to the Riviera can be used, including the famous Côte d'Azur Express—the French counterpart of the

A Smoking Car on the Cote D'Azur Express

Leaving Paris (Gare de Lyon) at 9 a.m. daily, this luxurious *rapide*, which is the equivalent to our "Flying Scotchman," runs to Cannes, Nice, Beaulieu, Monte Carlo, and Mentone, reaching the last place at 11.45 p.m. the same day. These cars, in common with those on most of the best European express services, are fitted by the International Sleeping Car Company

The "Côte D'Azur" in Monte Carlo Station

The Côte D'Azur is a new service, the great speed of which is a by-word, and at times a joke, with Continental papers. It is run in connection with the 9 p.m. Continental express from London

Dining-car in the new Calais-Mediterranean Express

This *train de luxe* service leaves Calais on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, in connection with the 11 a.m. train from Victoria

General view of Cannes

Beaulieu, showing the Hotel Bristol

Beaulieu, [illegible]uga in such close proximity to much more famous resorts, has a patronage all its own. The very name of the district "La Pet te Afri[illegible]" so called from the tropical luxuriance with which aloes, cacti, lemons, and oranges grow, is in itself an enticement to the traveller who sets health before gaiety

English flyers—the "Flying Cornishman," the "Flying Welshman,' or the "Flying Scotchman."

The Côte d'Azur Express is, indeed, such a striking development in Continental railway travel that it deserves a separate paragraph.

This somewhat fancifully named *rapide*, which leaves Paris (Gare de Lyon) every week-day morning at 9 a.m., runs as far as Mentone, which is reached at 11.45 p.m. the same day. It is furnished with the dining and saloon cars of the International Sleeping Car Company. It is run in connection with the 9 p.m. Continental Express from London (sleeping-car from Calais to the Gare de Lyon, Paris), so that it is possible to dine one evening comfortably in London and sup at Nice or Monte Carlo the following evening. The itinerary is as follows:

Côte d'Azur Express.

PARIS TO THE RIVIERA		a.m.
Paris	*dep.*	9.0
		p.m.
Cannes	*arr.*	10.20
Nice	,,	10.50
Beaulieu	,,	11.9
Monte Carlo	,,	11.30
Mentone	,,	11.45

THE RIVIERA TO PARIS		a.m.
Mentone	*dep.*	7.35
Monte Carlo	,,	7.50
Beaulieu	,,	8.11
Nice	,,	8.30
Cannes	,,	9.0
		p.m.
Paris	*arr.*	10.20

The entrance to Nice Harbour

Although Nice has neither the finest scenery or climate, it boasts 90,000 inhabitants, and a large English and American colony of regular winter residents, principally pleasure-seekers

Villefranche

Villefranche, which is quite close to Nice, is rather more sheltered from the northerly winds than its fashionable neighbour

Eze

Situated two miles from Beaulieu, this little spot is one of the most romantic in the Riviera. Our illustration shows the remains on a bold point of what was once a Saracenic castle

This new service has created considerable excitement, both in Paris and on the Riviera, and the humorous journals have not been slow to make good copy out of it. For instance, the *Figaro* indulged in a jocular article, in which the writer remarked that, so fast did the train travel that a conversation begun by the guard of the train at Marseilles was carried on almost uninterruptedly with the *chef de garde* at Paris.

A New Sleeping Car Service

For the benefit of other visitors who are unable to start on the date fixed by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway for their Christmas holiday service, it may be mentioned that there is an excellent *train de luxe* service, leaving Calais on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, in connection with the 11 a.m. train from Victoria.

A wonderful view of Nice from a summit of the outskirts

A Golf Club has recently been formed at Nice with a 9-hole course. The following extract from the rules of play indicates a hazard not found on either English or Scottish courses:—"Should a ball be driven into an olive tree, so as to be unplayable, it may be taken out and dropped a club's length behind the tree without penalty"

A glimpse of the old town at Villefranche

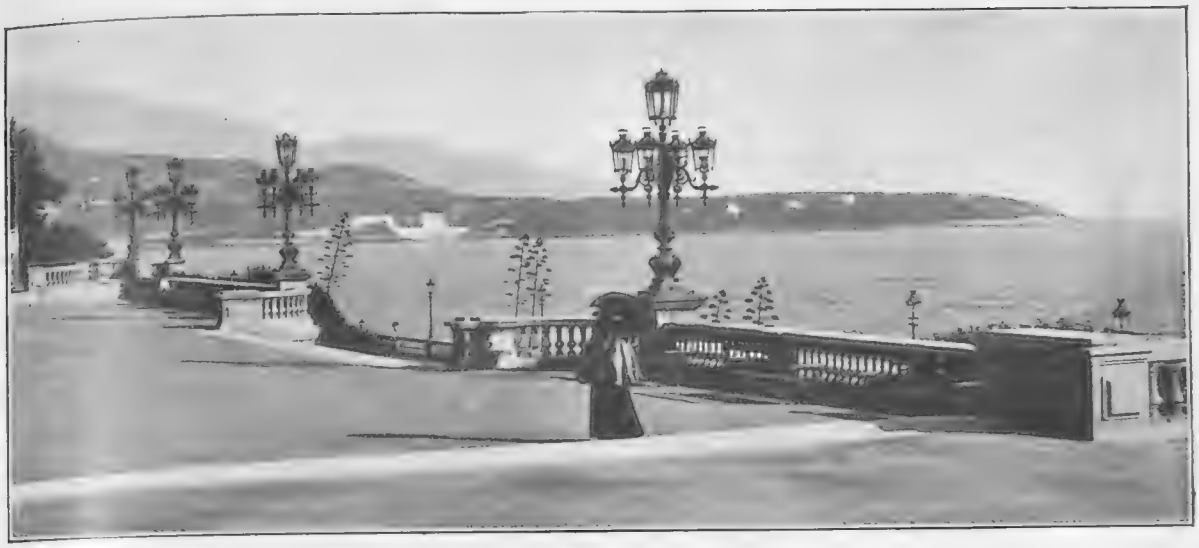
THE "CERCLE DES ÉTRANGERS À MONACO," WORLD-FAMOUS AS THE A

ASINO AT MONTE CARLO: ONE OF THE GORGEOUS ROULETTE SALONS

One of the Trente et Quarante Rooms, Monte Carlo

The Lobby of the Casino, Monte Carlo

This illustration will recall many a scene of pleasure and regret to those who have visited the gambling salons in the Casino at Monte Carlo. So much has been written of them that it is easy for those who have not been there to call up the pictures—the gay punter who has had a run of luck, and the ruined gambler who has lost his last sou, as they emerge into the lobby from the gaming salons



The upper terrace outside the Casino

The Theatre in the Casino

CASINO AT MONTE CARLO

The Gardens and Façade of the Casino, Monte Carlo

The Casino, which has been described as "a faulty miniature copy of the Paris Opera," is situated amid the most charming gardens to be seen anywhere, which render it conspicuously incongruous. These gardens are beautifully planted, and the terraces facing the sea are covered with shrubs and flowers that flourish and bloom in winter. The band, which plays twice a day, is one of the features of the place

Monaco and Monte Carlo from the French side

As a health resort, Monte Carlo has no equal in the Riviera, its situation being more sheltered and its climate more suitable for invalids than either Nice or Cannes, or even Mentone

Some Riviera Resorts

By "PERAMBULATOR"

San Remo (the social capital of the Italian Riviera): View from the Hotel de l'Europe

Though San Remo is smaller than Cannes, and has not the social attractions of Monte Carlo and Nice, society, both English and foreign, is always well represented here. During the gay season, from Christmas to Lent, there are frequent balls, re-unions, and concerts, at which the permanent English colony turn out in force

The Chief Attraction of the Riviera

The charms and attractions of the Riviera are adequately described in another article by one who is reputed to know more of the foreign winter stations resorted to by the "rich idler" and wealthy invalid, than any other writer. Indeed, Mr. Reynolds-Ball's well-known handbook, "Mediterranean Winter Resorts" (of which a new edition has just been published) is, I notice, often referred to by reviewers hard up for epithets, as the "Baedeker of Winter Resorts."

I now propose to take a bird's-eye view of the principal resorts of this lovely *littoral*—Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, and San Remo, with their satellites, Beaulieu and Cap Martin.

Perhaps the chief attraction of the Riviera, at all events one that appeals most to the mere holiday-maker and pleasure-seeker, is the excellent hotel accommodation to be obtained along the little strip of coast between Cannes and Mentone, which is so plentifully studded with English villas and hotels, that we could fancy a modern Rip Van Winkle imagining that during his long sleep a great European war had broken out, with the result that the department of the Alpes Maritimes had been annexed by Great Britain!

The Finest Hotels in Europe

Along this favoured coast are established some of the largest and finest hotels in Europe. It is, perhaps, an invidious task to single out the leading hotels among so many good ones, but, greatly daring, I do not shirk the task. If I were asked to pick out, say, one dozen of the most fashionable and most up-to-date hotels along the whole of the French Riviera, I should not hesitate to name the following: Métropole, Gallia, and Prince de Galles, at Cannes; Riviera Palace and Excelsior, Nice; Bristol, Beaulieu; Métropole, Riviera Palace, and Hermitage, at Monte Carlo; Cap Martin, Cap Martin; Métropole, Winter Palace, and Alexandria, at Mentone. While at San Remo, the social capital of the Italian Riviera, I should be disposed to single out the hotels Royal and Savoy.

No doubt it would be possible to indicate epigrammatically the social characteristics of the leading fashionable hotels after the fashion of a cynical visitor at Cairo, who described the leading hotels in the Egyptian capital as follows: Savoy, society; Continental, variety; Ghezireh Palace, satiety; Angleterre, sobriety, etc., but such a classification, albeit humorous, might evoke remonstrance from aggrieved hotel proprietors! But, though these Riviera hotels

are expensive, they can scarcely be reckoned dear, considering the character of the accommodation. Indeed, better value for the money is given than at many of the so-called hotel-pensions, private hotels, or pensions—the distinction between these three classes of establishment, if subtle, exists—at seven or eight francs a day, "including afternoon tea."

"The World, the Flesh, and the ——"

I have attempted to indicate the characteristics of the more fashionable hotels, which brings me by a natural transition to the social characteristics of the three great resorts—Cannes, Nice, and Monte Carlo. A cynical writer rather unkindly suggested that Cannes represented "the world," Nice, "the flesh," and Monte Carlo——but politeness precludes the parallel being carried further. Like most generalisations, this is, of course, only partly true. It would, perhaps, be more accurate to say that Cannes is a fashionable residential watering-place; Nice is Anglo-American; while Monte Carlo is cosmopolitan and smart. As for Mentone, once the Mecca of the consumptive, it is now, in a great measure, a suburb of Monte Carlo.

Compared with English popular watering-places, Cannes, socially and topographically, rather resembles Torquay, while Nice is another Brighton, and Mentone another Bournemouth. As for Monte Carlo, I can think of no English counterpart—it is an amalgam of Brighton, Scarborough, and Cowes.

Perpetual Sunshine

Perhaps something should be said about the climate, supposed by many to be the chief attraction of the Riviera. The meteorological conditions of the principal Winter Stations do not really vary much. There is not nearly so much difference, except to hyper-sensitive invalids, in the climatic conditions of these resorts as the meteorological expert, with his formidable array of climatological data and records, would have us believe. Its chief characteristics are a large proportion of sunny days, but occasional windy ones, a mild and genial temperature, and a moderately bracing atmosphere. In short, on the Riviera we get a winter climate which is as near perfection as any European climate within a day or so of London. Cannes is, of course, the aristocratic resort—Nice might, perhaps, call it plutocratic, but the jealousies of rival resorts are proverbial. Have we not Dover and Folkestone, Hastings and St. Leonards, or Penzance and Falmouth, in our own country? In one respect Cannes bears a striking resemblance to Bournemouth, the scattered villas—each in "its own extensive grounds," to quote the language of the house agent—covering a vast area, and practically necessitating the up-keep of a carriage or a huge expenditure on cab fares.

Nice is, of course, the great winter metropolis of the South of France, and this cosmopolitan and lively town offers a great variety of recreative resources.

The Quai du Midi, Nice

Yachting is very popular at Nice, and there is a good yacht club, which holds its regatta at Easter. Good bathing is obtainable from a shingle beach, though the bathing machines are of the antiquated pattern

In the old town, San Remo

The sweep of the Bay, Cap Martin

Monte Carlo and its Environs

Monte Carlo and its scenic charms are, of course, world-famous and are too obvious to be insisted upon. Where, indeed, in the whole of this beautiful region can we find its equal? The striking combination of the picturesque and the idyllic can hardly fail to extort admiration from the most Philistinian of holiday-makers.

But what will, perhaps, appeal most to its fashionable frequenters are the excellent hotels. The Riviera Palace and the Métropole, for instance, emphatically deserve the much-abused title of *hôtel de luxe*. An admirable feature of these establishments is the large number of bedrooms with bathrooms attached, and here we find a combination of the good taste and dignity of the aristocratic Bond Street family hotel with the luxuries and embellishments of the modern "palace hotel."

The lovely sea-girt hamlet of Cap Martin, nestling among pine groves, may be considered as an aristocratic annexe of Monte Carlo. The increasing vogue of its hotel among fashionable people illustrates the modern tendency of the *beau monde* to favour a certain *rus in urbe* atmosphere in hotels.

We are taking Beaulieu out of its topographical order, but this rising little resort—beautiful in situation as well as in name—deserves a passing notice. Its vogue has been unusually rapid—no doubt mainly due to its convenient position, half way between Nice and Monte Carlo, its romantic surroundings, its genial and sunny climate—a veritable sun trap—and its excellent hotels, of which the Bristol can compare favourably with any establishment on the Riviera.

San Remo

We must now cross the frontier to reach San Remo, which is rapidly gaining in popularity with Riviera visitors, and is now far more a pleasure resort than formerly, when its social characteristics resembled more the quiet and dignified Hyères than the latter-day Cannes or Nice. In some respects this town is, however, more interesting and less conventional than these resorts, as it possesses certain distinct features of native life and character which are wanting in Cannes or Nice.

The recreative side of San Remo has been much developed of late years, and now, like Cannes and Nice, it can boast of its golf links. There are very fair links of nine holes at Taggia, some five miles from the town. Then, a Sports Club has recently been started for lawn tennis, hockey, croquet, etc., thanks, partly to the public spirit and enterprise of Mr Meysey Turton, the popular British Vice-Consul

How to Reach the Riviera (Night Travelling Avoided)

Visitors to the Riviera this season are to be congratulated on the opportunity which is now afforded them of reaching Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, etc., comfortably, quickly, and economically, by the joint services of the Brighton Railway of England and the Ouest and P.L.M. Railways of France.

The programme for the journey, which commends itself to those who wish to avoid a night spent in travel *en route*, is to leave London by the 10 a.m. service, registering all heavy baggage through to destination, stopping the night in Paris (the Hôtel Terminus adjoins the Gare St. Lazare), and taking advantage of the new Côte d'Azur express, which leaves Paris (Lyon) at 9 a.m. every week-day to December 31, and afterwards every day.

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MONTE CARLO.

The MOST LUXURIOUS, MOST COMFORTABLE, and BEST SITUATED HOTEL in MONTE CARLO.

Same Management as Princes' Restaurant, London.

V. BENOIST, Managing Director.

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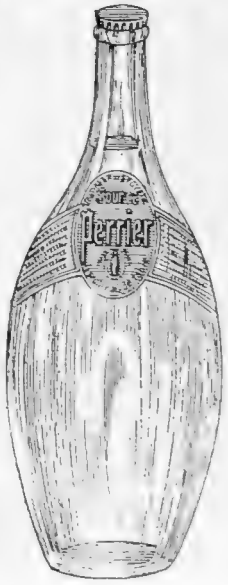
FRENCH NATURAL SPARKLING TABLE WATER.

Perrier

Perrier comes from the South of France. The spring lies in the open plain, amidst vineyards, nine miles from the ancient town of Nimes.

It is now only six months since "PERRIER" water was first introduced into England, and its success has been quite phenomenal.

Although "PERRIER" is not a medicinal water, yet it is valuable in cases of gout and the uric acid habit generally.



Perrier approaches nearer to the ideal table water than any other water.

It is a light, crisp, invigorating water, sparkling with its own pure and natural gas.

Is very delicately mineralised.

Is very attractive to ladies by reason of its freshness and delicacy.

Has a very agreeable subacid flavour.

Has digestive properties of a high order.

And mixes with whisky or wine without altering their colour or taste.

THE CHAMPAGNE OF TABLE WATERS.

PRICES
Original Cases of
50 Large Bottles 22/-
100 Half Bottles 35/-
100 Quarter Bottles 26/-
Carriage Paid in United Kingdom.

SAMPLE CASES OF PERRIER
containing two large, two small, and two quarter bottles, with its analysis and medical and scientific reports will be sent carriage paid to any address in the U.K. on receipt of P.O. for 2/-, addressed to PERRIER (Dept. B.S.,) 45 and 46, New Bond Street, London, W.

PERRIER
can be obtained at all first-class
Hotels,
Restaurants,
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GRAND HOTEL, ROME.

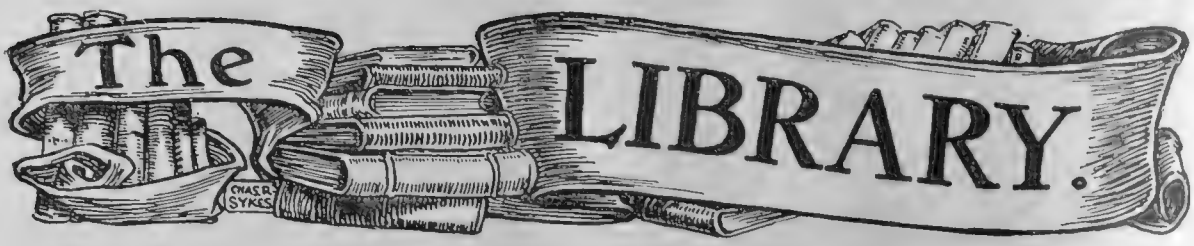
SITUATED IN THE HIGHEST AND HEALTHIEST PART OF ROME

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SAVOY HOTEL, LTD., LONDON.

REASSURING!

Mrs. Wiggin: "No, Sir! I really couldn't come, the church is so cold"

Parson *(with mind on the new stove)*: "Never mind, Mrs. Wiggin, you will find it warm enough in the future"



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Historical Mysteries." By Andrew Lang. Published to-day. (Smith, Elder: 9*s.* net.)

"Memoirs of the Martyr King: Being a Detailed Record of the Last Two Years of Charles the First." By Allan Fea. Published to-day. (John Lane: £5 5*s.* net.)

"Ghost Stories of an Antiquary." By Dr. Montague Rhodes James. (Arnold: 6*s.*)

"Thackeray in the United States." By General J. G. Wilson. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder: 18*s.* net.)

"The Monk of Llanthony." The Life of Father Ignatius. By the Baroness de Bertouch. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Harvest of Chaff." By Owen Seaman. Light Verse. (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Spoiled Priest." A new volume of Short Stories. By Father Sheehan. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

NEW NOVELS

"Next Door Neighbours." By W. Pett Ridge. Illustrated by Will Owen. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.*)

"The Specialist." A Story of Life at a Continental Hydro. By A. M. Irvine. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Fetters of Gold." By Charles Eddy. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

The Latest Books

Thackeray in the United States
By General J. G. Wilson
(Smith, Elder and Co. 2 vols.: 18s. net.

"Item: Thackeray is coming over to lecture to you: A mad world, my masters," wrote Carlyle to Emerson in the autumn of 1851; and a year later Thackeray arrived in America and embarked on that six months' lecturing and reading tour, of which the avowed object was to make enough money to leave behind him a substantial sum for his daughters. He went again three years later, and netted by his two visits the substantial sum of £9,500, which was greater than anything he had anticipated. While he was in the States, he made almost as many friends as he had left behind him in England, and these two bulky volumes are the lasting record of his pleasant intimacies. They are a mine of wealth to the Thackeray lover. It must be remembered that Thackeray left behind him instructions that no biography should be written of him, and, consequently, there is a fund of unpublished material to draw upon for such a book as this which would not be available for any other author of his pre-eminence. General Wilson has made good use of his opportunities. He was intimate with Thackeray during his visits to America, has diligently collected every scrap of material available from the stores in possession of the author's other intimates, and seems to have drawn upon most of the survivors among the wits and men of letters, who made the visits so pleasant by their kindness and hospitality, for reminiscences. He has succeeded in getting together, as he says, "some four-score unpublished Thackeray letters and drawings, together with anecdotes and incidents relating to this memorable man's visits to our shores," and the result is a book which will be of supreme interest to the many admirers of the great author on both sides of the Atlantic.

Thackeray's first series of lectures was on "English Humorists," with an extra one on "Charity and Humour," in which he paid that memorable tribute to the genius of Dickens which drew from his brother author so heartfelt an acknowledgment. On his second visit he gave his lectures on "The Four Georges," which afterwards aroused a sort of snobbish boycott of him in English society. That the Americans heard him gladly, and repaid him with a thousand kindnesses, as well as the sum of hard cash which he carried away from their shores, is patent in every page of these two volumes. General Wilson's chapters are strung together without much method, and contain a good many repetitions, but they are full of matter which is both fresh and agreeable, and show up their subject as a most lovable and companionable being.

The Monk of Llanthony
By The Baroness de Bertouch
(Methuen and Co.: 10s. 6d. net)

On the first page of the Baroness de Bertouch's enthusiastic account of the life of Father Ignatius she borrows, to apply to her hero, words written of St. John the Baptist, on the third of Melchizedek, and, in various later chapters, of Our Lord Himself. This may be taken as a measure of her critical apparatus. But if the reader is able to swallow this, and to swallow, in addition, a style which reminds one of a leader-writer in the *Daily Telegraph* in the most luxuriant days of that journal, varied from time to time by a descent into pure slang, he will find plenty to interest and amuse him in this account of a life-story which everybody must

agree to be a most remarkable one. If it is impossible to agree with the Baroness that Father Ignatius has at any time "fought single-handed against World, Church, and Devil," it may be admitted that he has fought a good deal, and fought with supreme pluck, on behalf of a mode of life which perhaps does not commend itself to the majority of his fellow-countrymen. Marvels soon begin to thrill upon the reader in these pages. After a few comparatively unimportant visions and miracles in the earlier chapters, we come to business with one entitled, "He Casteth Out Devils," quickly followed by "The Dead are Raised," both of which relate incidents in the "Right Reverend Father's" early career. And there are miracles and visions in plenty throughout the following pages. On two occasions, at least, Father Ignatius is gravely reported to have raised the dead to life, and it is only fair to say that these achievements are related in such a way as to compel attention. In spite of its many faults, this book is a most readable one. It introduces us to an undoubtedly remarkable character, a man who, if he is not very wise, is obviously sincere, self-sacrificing, and of the most transparent goodness.

Fetters of Gold
By Charles Eddy
(Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

Mr. Marlow is a miserable little creature whom a somewhat overpowering wife has induced to leave the safe shelter of a country bank and risk his savings as a stockbroker. His downward career, although painful to read about, is described with intimate knowledge of the "House" and its ways, and with remarkable insight into the character of such men as he. But a greater triumph still is the character of Mrs. Marlow, who is domineering and tender, capable and misguided, trustful and suspicious, all at once. Her part in the story of her husband's downfall and final recovery to a state of subservient freedom from the terrible anxieties which had nearly overwhelmed him, but never her, is traced with the most convincing and dexterous ability. It is as clever a piece of character-drawing as has appeared for many a day, and the story that enshrines this inimitable woman is excellent in its fidelity and natural development. It would be difficult to praise it too highly.

A Harvest of Chaff
By Owen Seaman
(Constable: 3s. 6d. net)

Mr. Seaman undoubtedly stands first amongst the many writers of light verse upon whom the mantle of Praed and Calverley has fallen. Some of his admirers have feared that his late excursions into political satire were in danger of spoiling his blessed dexterity and lightness of touch. But *A Harvest of Chaff* contains little that could offend the bitterest of political opponents. It is full of ingenious fancies, expressed in the most ingenious of verse, and should be bought and put on a shelf from which it can be easily and frequently taken down.

Books to Appear Shortly

Sir Wilfrid Lawson has so long been known as the "Lobby Laureate" that it is not surprising to hear that his impromptu verses have at last been collected in book form. They will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin next week, under the title of *Cartoons in Rhyme and Line*, the illustrations being by Mr. F. C. Gould. "Joe," of course, lends himself better than anybody to Sir Wilfrid's satirical humour, just as he does to the ready pen of "F. C. G.," and the combined attack should infuse some much-needed gaiety into political life in these dull days of recess. We have been permitted to quote a couple of verses from Sir Wilfrid's parody of "Dare to be a Daniel," picked at random from advance proofs of the work:

"Dare to be a Joseph,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to live at Birmingham,
Sitting on a Throne.

"Dare to be a Unionist –
Sight for gods and men! –
Dare to promise lots of things,
But never tell us *When*."

The book will be uniform with Mr. F. C. Gould's "Froissart's Modern Chronicles," and may be regarded as presenting a rhyming record of the chief political events of the last three decades.

A new book by "Ralph Connor," the distinguished author of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot" (otherwise the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, who has for ten years past been minister of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg), is to be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton early next month. The author has returned to his beloved West in the present work—*The Prospector*—which is a tale of the Crow's Nest Country, recently brought into prominence by reason of the immense quantities of gold, iron, and coal discovered there. Into this wild country, Ralph Connor introduces an enthusiastic young graduate—a theologian, it is true, but an athlete and a man's man always. Without introducing the same characters, the book is written very much on the lines of "The Sky Pilot."

Although Alessandro Scarlatti is little more than a name to most musical people, he is a very important figure in the history of music, owing to his influence on the formation of the classical style. His numerous works have almost all remained in manuscript, yet he was the most celebrated composer of his time (1659-1725). Some amends for this neglect will be made in a volume entitled *Alessandro Scarlatti: His Life and Works*, by Mr. Edward J. Dent, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; which Mr. Arnold will shortly publish. Special researches have been made for the biography in the chief libraries of Europe, where the manuscripts are to be found, and much new material has come to light. The story of the composer's life is itself derived in great part from hitherto unpublished diaries and letters.

It is curious that no life of the great Countess Matilda of Tuscany—"La Grande Italienne," as Amédée Renée calls her in his biography—has yet appeared in this country, for she is one of the most attractive figures to students of the early mediæval times. It was at her castle of Canossa that Henry IV. underwent the humiliating penance imposed by the Pope. Matilda was twice married, first to the Duke of Lorraine (surnamed the Hunchback) and afterwards to the boy Guelph of Bavaria; but both were alliances of policy only. The story of Matilda's heroic career has now been told for English readers by Mrs. Mary E. Huddy, in an illustrated volume, which Mr. John Long will publish.

The Admiral Coligny*

THE FIRST AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT HUGUENOT

(Our illustrations are reproduced from Mr. Whitehead's book, by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen)

There is, one may confidently assert, no period of history that appeals more to the student than that known as the Renascence. The history of the France of the period is inseparable from the Huguenot movement, and the history of Huguenotism is dominated by the personality of one man—Gaspard de Coligny, Seigneur of Châtillon, Admiral of France, and the ancestor of our King William III.

In the life of Coligny, therefore, Mr. Whitehead has had a formidable task. It is true that many lives of this famous leader have been essayed, but none of them, with the exception of Professor Marcks' unfinished work, can lay claim to importance. By English historians it has been signally neglected. Perhaps the difficulties have proved too great to lend encouragement to the undertaking. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we welcome this book, which, with its appendices, covers nearly 400 pages and gives evidence of great research, rewarded by the discovery of many new facts concerning the principal actors in the history of Huguenotism.

Gaspard de Coligny

Admiral of France, Seigneur de Châtillon, and Leader of the Huguenots, through the first three civil wars

The Reformation, which had begun early in England, thanks to Henry VIII., was some years later in stirring France. Still, a new spirit had arisen, for Calvin, from Geneva, was delivering sledge-hammer blows at Catholicism with fearless passion and inexorable logic. His simple creed, essentially a fighting one, rejected all compromise. In glaring contrast to the austerity of Protestantism were seen a series of half-pagan popes, a lax code of morals, a policy of nepotism and family aggrandizement which had made Rome a byword. Nor was this spiritual paralysis only at the fountain head. France herself was in a state of religious anarchy.

There were one hundred and seventeen bishoprics, fifteen archbishoprics, and countless abbeys and priories in the gift of the Crown, and one and all were looked upon as the legitimate spoil for favourites and ladies of the Court.

"All that is needed to have a benefice in France," remarked an astute Venetian, "is to be the first to ask." No family of importance but destined one or more of its sons for the Church, solely by reason of the power and the vast revenues which the "plums" yielded. The elder brother of Coligny, Odet, was created a cardinal while in his sixteenth year, and when the bastard Angoulême was only five years of age, the Court was thinking of a scarlet hat for him. The results of such abuse are evident, and it is little wonder that a new creed, as yet virile and pure, found root. Its success, if not instant, was steady. Its simplicity and homeliness appealed to the bourgeois and artisan, and persecution only fanned the flame. From the poor peasant in Vaud, it gradually grew in popularity, attracted the attention of the scholar, and ultimately became, for a time, the fad of most of the aristocracy. In 1555, the Protestants of Paris organised themselves into a church, and two years later Anthony of Navarre (for party purposes) became the leader of Huguenotism, as the new creed had been called.

And thus we come to Coligny. His family was a very noble one, the head of which was known as the Seigneur of Châtillon, and it was important enough for a daughter of the House of Montmorency to marry into. With his maternal uncle, the famous Constable Montmorency, the ruler of France, to introduce him at Court, the young Coligny very soon became a personage of importance.

He attached himself to the Dauphin, afterwards Henry II., and, at the age of twenty-three, made his first campaign in Flanders. There he distinguished himself by his contempt for danger, and, in fact, through his ardour was wounded, though not dangerously. The next few years saw him becoming increasingly important. In 1547 he was made Colonel of the Infantry, and conducted operations against England, which greatly added to his growing military reputation. After being given the Governorship of Paris, he was, in 1552, in his thirty-third year, appointed Admiral of France, almost the most important office of State after the Constable.

His first association with Protestantism is not exactly known, but Mr. Whitehead tells us that the year July, 1556, to July, 1557, seems to have witnessed a gradual evolution in his religious character. At all events, in April, 1557, Beza, the distinguished author of "l'Histoire Ecclésiastique," formally mentioned him as one of those who were "not hostile to the Protestant cause." Many writers have attempted to discover the reasons which persuaded him, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, to absorb "the opinions of the *canaille*," but the best lie in his own character. His was a pensive and solitary nature, which, in times of action, expressed itself by a sternness bordering on cruelty. Here is a word painting of him which shows that he was, nevertheless, not of the accepted Puritan type:

He was an aristocrat of the highest culture. When Brantome wished for an example of the typical educated man of action, his choice fell instinctively on Coligny. As nephew of the

* "Gaspard de Coligny." By A. W. Whitehead. (Methuen: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Catherine de Medici

The mother of Charles IX., and the actual instigator of the Massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572

Constable, he had had exceptional opportunities. He had moved in the most refined and intelligent circles of Europe. He had the key to the literary and artistic wealth of the Renascence. He had travelled in Italy. His brother, the Cardinal, was the patron of Rabelais and Ronsard. He himself had been taught by Bérault, one of the most brilliant votaries of the new learning. He wrote and understood Latin, and spoke it fluently. He was a lover of art, and of all that gave life an ample and generous air. That form of Protestantism which affected gloom, and developed so easily into an unreasoning hostility to humane culture, had not descended on Châtillon.

On Coligny, the aristocrat, the warrior, but, above all, the *genuine* Huguenot, devolved the task of defending the rights of freedom of worship. Navarre and Condé were, at different periods, known as the chiefs of Huguenotism; Princes of the Blood, they lent prestige, but the presiding genius was, first and last, the Admiral. The Royalist Party were not slow to realise this, and the best testimony of this is the remark of Biron, a Catholic emissary in the Third War of Religion, during negotiations, when the Admiral was ill: "Should he die," said he, "not even a glass of water would we offer you. His name is worth to you more than a new army added to your own."

And what a death met this wonderful man, who had successfully defied the united efforts of the unprincipled Catherine de Medici and the Guises until they gave in and conceded his demands! The Queen Mother, knowing the influence Coligny had over her weak son, Charles IX., was fearful that every moment he would countermand the order for the Massacre, timed for St. Bartholomew's Day. The guard, impatient to be wallowing in blood, were already beginning a fracas with the Huguenots, who were suspicious:

Quick to seize her opportunity, Catherine induced her son to give the order to sound the alarm with the bell of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, opposite the palace gates. This was the tocsin of St. Bartholomew.

Upon Guise had fallen the task of slaying the Admiral, to avenge the murder of his father, for which his family were pleased to hold Coligny responsible. Attended by a party of French and Italian gentlemen, they knocked at the gate of the lodging where the wounded Huguenot leader lay. They had a message from the King. The gate being opened, they rushed into the courtyard:

Aroused by the noise, Coligny knew that his end had come. Too weak to rise, he was lifted from his bed and dressed simply in his gown . . . and on the staircase the din was increasing.

The assassins were breaking through:

Suddenly Cornaton rushed in with the intelligence that there was no way to withstand the assassins. Coligny was unmoved. "As for me," quoth he, "I have prepared myself unto death aforehand." Then turning to his followers, with supreme self-forgetfulness, he entreated them to save their lives.

Eventually they burst into his chamber:

The light was dim; Coligny stood by his bed waiting for death. His assailants hung back, when Martin Koch, a Swiss, stepped forward and struck him with his battle-axe.

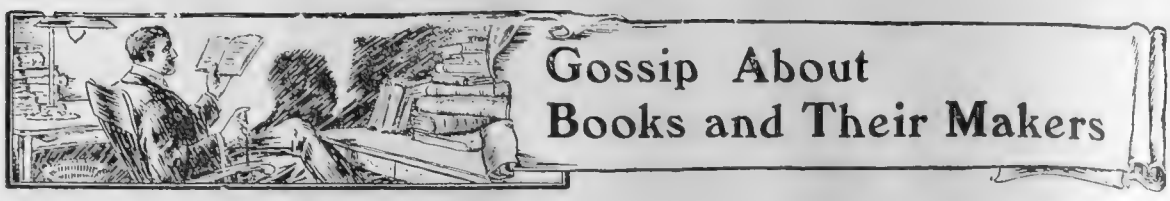
After many mortal wounds, those below demanding proof of his death, he was thrown out of the window:

But the body, gaping with wounds, still resisted, clutched at the casement, then fell at the very feet of Guise.

Who, to make sure of his victim, wiped the blood away from the features. Horrible! With the murder of Rizzio, which it rivals in circumstantial detail, it is one of the most ghastly tragedies in history.

Francis, Duke of Guise

The enemy of Coligny, and the head of the Catholic Party, to whom was deputed the task of slaying the Admiral



Anglo-American Book Exchange

As one hears a good deal about the altered conditions of our literary relationship with America, it has occurred to me to make a rough analysis of the advertisements of new books in the latest issue of the New York *Bookman*, which may be taken as representative of the publishing season. The result is interesting. Time was when a great many of the books in circulation in America were the work of English authors, and a good number of our novelists, who were by no means in the front rank, could look to America for no inconsiderable part of their incomes. Then arose in his might the native author, with the plea that home-made goods be bought, and the foreign writer given the go-bye. How awful the consequences of this purblind patriotism have been to American literature, let the reading of a dozen "record-beating," "quick-selling," Yankee novels bear witness! But has the English author been driven out? Taking 210 recent novels and books in *belles lettres* published in the United States, and advertised in the magazine mentioned, I find that of these, forty are by British authors, while only seventeen by American writers have been published on this side. Two of the books—"Old Love Stories Re-told," by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, and "American Wives, and Others," by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome"—have not yet appeared in their authors' own country, and Mr. Henry James I have reckoned as an American author, though, like Mr. Harland, Mr. Alden, Mr. Robert Barr, and Mr. Joseph Pennell, he might be claimed equally for England. Moreover, of all the books in circulation in the United States during October, that which enjoyed the widest popularity, according to the *Bookman* census, was by a Britisher—"A Ladder of Swords," by Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. Reference to books by English writers appearing in America first, reminds me that the very interesting personal reminiscences of the late Archdeacon Farrar, contributed originally to the now defunct *Temple Magazine*, can be had in book-form in America only, while the Yankee pirates have to be thanked for the fact that Mr. J. M. Barrie has more books to his credit across the Atlantic than on this side, some of his magazine writings, which he has not cared to reproduce, having been garnered into a volume by enterprising Americans long ago.

Photo by *Hollyer*

Mr. H. A. Hinkson

Author of "O'Grady of Trinity" and "The Wine of Love"—books in the rollicking style of Charles Lever's novels

A Literary Couple

Some time ago I made reference to the number of married couples who, in the legal phrase, "jointly and severally," are engaged in literary work. From time to time I purpose introducing to our portrait gallery the photographs of some of the best-known of these literary workers, and this week I make a start with those of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hinkson. Here, as we shall often have occasion to remark, the wife is the more celebrated; but Mr. Hinkson has given evidence of sufficient gifts to prevent his being known only as the husband of Katharine Tynan. Mrs. Hinkson is one of that band of Irish poets who may be said to have brought the Celtic Renascence from the realm of dream. The daughter of a farmer in County Dublin, her early days were spent in ideal surroundings for the nurture of a country muse, and she had the rare good fortune to have a father who did not think that a woman should have no soul above pins and needles. The first cheque she ever earned came from *The Graphic*, and her father wished to frame it, but the young poet found a more practical use for it! That brilliant Irishman, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, whose new book, "The Face Beyond the Door," I read with great satisfaction the other week, also had his first cheque from *The Graphic*, or, rather, should have had, only the note meant to accompany it arrived alone, and he had not the heart to point out the omission in his gratitude at having achieved publication.

Poet and Novelist

Mrs. Hinkson first came into notice as a poet, but for a good many years now she has

devoted most of her literary energy to fiction, and nowhere shall we find the *tendresse* of Irish character more faithfully interpreted than in her novels. "Love of Sisters" is especially fine in this respect, while the humorous side of Irish life, where her touch is no less sure, is charmingly portrayed in "The Honourable Molly." In her new story this season, she is still faithful to her loved homeland, the heroine of "Julia" being a true Celtic girl, while the hero is an English-bred heir of Irish lands. Indeed, although Mrs. Hinkson has resided in England since her marriage, eleven years ago, her home at Ealing is just a little bit of transplanted Ireland. She looks forward to returning some day to the old land, to live beside those "benignant hills" that smiled upon her childhood. Mr. Hinkson hails from Cork, and is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. A barrister by profession, he is a novelist with something of the rollicking humour of the immortal Lever, as witness his first book, "O'Grady of Trinity," or that really admirable work, "The Wine of Love."

Photo by *Hollyer*

Mrs. Hinkson and baby

One of the band of Irish poets who have brought about the Celtic Renascence, and author of "Love of Sisters," "The Honourable Molly," and other well-known novels

The First Literary Agent

We generally hear Mr. A. P. Watt described as the founder of a new business, by his having created the system of trading in literary wares between authors and publishers. But although Mr. Watt has achieved extraordinary success in this direction, and has numerous imitators, he is not the first of his kind. Oddly enough, the person with whom the idea originated was a literary man well-known in his day, and bearing a name not unlike that of our most prosperous agent—Alaric Watts. It is just forty years since he died, and none but students of literary history are likely to be familiar with his name. He was a miscellaneous writer, and a literary *flaneur* of a type that still abounds in Mrs. Oliphant's history of the Blackwoods; some lively letters of his to Mr. Blackwood are quoted. He was a man of ideas: one of his suggestions to the founder of *Maga* was to send up advance sheets of his magazine from Edinburgh, that he might get them placed in the hands of London editors, "by which you can be, I doubt not, very extensively quoted." In the same letter Watts writes:

> Though I place but slight value on my individual assistance as a contributor, I have it often in my power to secure articles from well-known men for your pages, so that I may become the medium of clever communications when I am unable to originate them.

Thus the business of the literary agent dates back no less than eighty-three years, and the first to think of it was then living at "The Thatched Cottage," Walham Green. Alas! there are no thatched cottages in that neighbourhood now.

The Definition of an Editor

While mentioning Watts, I am reminded of the very happy definition of the duties of an editor, which I once heard given by Mr. G. G. Leveson-Gower, who acts in England on behalf of the *North American Review* just as Watts did in London for *Blackwood's* in its early days, so far as the securing of "clever communications." He said that his experience in that position had proved to him that the time of an editor was about equally divided between refusing proposals from people who wanted to write and in endeavouring to get articles from those who did not wish to write.

The Great Unpublished

Some publisher might make a hit by printing the worst book he has ever had submitted. The general reader has no real inkling of the fun which the "publisher's reader" often extracts from the manuscripts of the great unpublished. Recently I had the pleasure of seeing a story sent in to a London publisher, and enjoyed what I read of it so keenly that I begged permission to copy the opening sentences *verbatim et literatim*, since there is a danger that the work may never be given to the public. It was entitled "An Mother's Recked Life," and opened thus:

> It was a dusky afternoon in December, In the sta-tely drawing-room of Melvin Grange! sat a youn-g boy, of about fifteen, His eyes were fixed upon a po-rtrait of a tall dark beautiful lady! who held the place of honour over the w-hite marble mantel sh-elf?" Was she his mother. that s-weet woman! with those glorious eyes. Rising with refute! he gazes at her. in that gathering twilight. how noble he looked, But a keen observator wo-uld recognize. that he w-as a similitude for the sw-eet face above him, With the dark head of a young Apollo upon his shapely shoulders! with his dark eyes full of soulful lustre and dark curls upon his white brow. Wath a noble picture he would have made for! Leonardo da Vinci!, in the days of his painting.
>
> As. he stands muttering in his heart! that she is dead. that lovely woman his mother, who his heart ha-s yearned for all his life! and never saw——"
>
> Here the door opened and interrupted his meditation,
>
> And a tall man with a stern handsome face and flashing blue eyes con-fronted him,
>
> You scamp. he hisses between his tight clench teeth, Give me that money. my six hundred pounds, you have stolen?
>
> The boy staggered back pale. and trembling into a chair, and gazed at his merciless accuser. with his magnificente —yes in awe."

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The Cottesmore

If the Cottesmore pack has never rivalled the Belvoir in point of looks, the share of sport that the hounds show makes them illustrious, while the long line of distinguished sportsmen who have in unbroken succession presided over the Hunt's destinies is no less striking. When Mr. Baird resigned, after a long and brilliant career, Mr. Evan Hanbury delighted everybody by coming forward as the new Master, and it was, indeed, hard luck for him to begin the present season with a bad fall, after having been kept out of the saddle for some time last year by ill-health. Though the Cottesmore is one of the oldest Hunts in existence, and its early history is inseparably connected with the noble houses of Lowther and Noel, it was only about thirty years ago, when Lambert, a quick and capable man, was carrying the horn, that it became recognised as quite first-rate. Previously to Lambert's day slow methods were the rule, and much of the best territory was in the hands of Mr. Tailby, so that the Cottesmore was almost looked on as a woodland pack. Now, however, hounds are always on the grass on Tuesdays and generally Saturdays, while even on the other two days a morning spent in large coverts and on arable land is frequently followed by a good gallop over a charming country.

The Huntsman

Perhaps no huntsman ever leapt into prominence so suddenly as Arthur Thatcher. He was, of course, born and bred among hounds, and his father was well known in his day; but, before succeeding Gillson with the Cottesmore, he had only a short experience to his credit, and that in the Essex Union country, a region of ploughs and woodlands, where the brilliant scents of Leicestershire are all but unknown. Still, from the very first Thatcher was recognised as a huntsman whose abilities were perfectly suited to a grass country, and the sport which he showed made the Cottesmore fields almost uncomfortably large. Such a success might well have turned a young man's head, but Thatcher certainly possesses good sense and modesty, and should, with luck, have a consistently bright career before him. In J. Boore and J. Goddard, he has two smart whippers-in to assist him, and, like himself, both come of well-known hunting families. The Cottesmore country is eminently one that demands good whippers-in; though it boasts of many good coverts, they are, for the most part, woods of tolerable size and full of foxes, so that, without the utmost vigilance and alertness, hounds would be all over the place running fresh foxes.

The Cottesmore Hunt: Mr. Evan Hanbury, the Master, and the Duchess of Newcastle

The Cottesmore Hounds on the way to the Meet

Mr. Fernie's

The Billesdon or South Quorn, which is presumably the correct title of the Hunt generally known as Mr. Fernie's, has often been described as the perfection of hunting countries. It is nearly all grass, and fairly teems with stout foxes, while for such a fashionable pack the average fields are of quite reasonable proportions. Were it not, however, for the kindness of a neighbouring Master, the country would labour under a distinct disadvantage, the coverts being so small that hounds are always in the open, even during the earliest stages of cub-hunting. To the theory that young hounds must be steadied by plenty of woodland work, nobody subscribes more readily than Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, and by his courtesy Mr. Fernie's pack is able to pay educational visits to the large coverts of the Fitzwilliam Hunt, which are within easy distance of the Medbourne Kennels. Charles Isaac, the huntsman—who was, as a matter of fact, christened Thomas—has, during his long connection with the pack, earned the esteem and goodwill of all. He is, of course, a fine horseman, and seems to know the run of every fox in the country; he has, moreover, proved himself an exceptionally good man in kennel. Mr. Fernie's establishment is conducted on a most liberal scale, the hounds being all that could be desired, while his stud is of proverbial excellence.

The Cottesmore Foxhounds: The Pack

Quorn and Atherstone

In the Quorn country, the question of the new kennels still attracts considerable attention. About twelve thousand pounds, in all, will be required to erect suitable premises, and it was recently announced that more than half the sum was still wanting. Still, thanks to the liberality of Lord Lonsdale and others, there is every prospect of the scheme being carried through successfully, as a large proportion of the money can be borrowed on the easiest of terms. As for sport, Bishopp is universally acknowledged to be hunting his hounds better than ever; he did very well when hounds were at Hickling the other day, handling a good fox that went away from the Curate's Gorse over the Wymeswold and Willoughby country. On the next day, when they were at Twyford, however, the Quornites were not so fortunate, poor sport resulting in a country that should have done better. The Atherstone Hounds have, so far, shown good sport, and one of their best days to date was had from Newnham Paddox, Lord Denbigh's place. With a first-rate scent, hounds raced a fox to death in the morning, ran their second fox to ground, after a nice hunting run, and finished up with another gallop from Three Pots Gorse, past Wolvey and Hog Hall. Scent did not improve as the day wore on, still a large field was kept galloping and jumping to their hearts' content.

Belvoir and Blankney

The Belvoir have had to contend with some very indifferent scents on several occasions; when they were at Waltham, for instance, a week or so ago, there were plenty of foxes willing to lead hounds over a most charming country, yet little was done. The Hose Grange fixture, however, atoned for earlier disappointments in providing excellent sport in the Belvoir

vale. A fox that was found in some osiers against the canal stood up for over fifty minutes before hounds pulled him down just outside Kaye Wood; it was not a straight run, it is true, but the pace at which hounds went was remarkable. Later on, they ran a fox from Sherbrooke's covert across the Smite, and killed him at Long Clawson—a short, but very sharp, burst. With the Blankney some capital sport has been enjoyed, the gallop from Wellingore Gorse on November 19 standing out as particularly brilliant. A sharp ring of twenty-five minutes to begin with, and then hounds went away by Navenby and Gorse Hill to Ashby, rolling their fox over at Bloxham, after running for an hour and three-quarters. Those who have any experience of the Wellingore country, perhaps one of the stiffest vales in England, will realise that such a run as this was a serious affair.

Sport with Staghounds

Though early in the season fox-hunters were complaining of the dry weather, the pursuers of the deer, for the most part, commenced with excellent sport, the blindness of the fences being the only obstacle to perfect enjoyment. When the country is thoroughly wet, deer are apt to prefer running the roads to galloping through deep ground, or, worse still, will sometimes lead hounds along railway lines. With regard to trains, a curious incident is reported from a well-known stag-hunting country. The other day, a deer, closely pursued by hounds, gained a main line with four sets of metals, down which the animal galloped for a mile or two, seriously deranging the traffic. One of the field is said to have jumped on to the engine of a pulled-up train, and, persuading the driver to go on in pursuit of the pack, was able to overhaul the latter just as they had "set up" the deer. Thus he took the deer single-handed, and averted a serious calamity. It is to be hoped that so considerate an engine-driver was suitably rewarded.

Charles Isaac, Master of Mr. Fernie's Foxhounds, on "Valentine"

"Valentine" was formerly ridden by Mr. Gerald Hardy when he was Master of the Atherstone

The Carlow and Island

Mr. W. E. Grogan, the new Master and huntsman of the Carlow Hounds, has already shown some capital runs over the wide, wild district which constitutes his sphere of operations, and though the country is never likely to be overrun by crowded fields, it is unquestionably gaining in popularity. It is far rougher than the Kildare and the Meath territories, and the distances to covert are apt to be rather long, but it carries a rare scent and its foxes are notably stout. The veteran Mr. Robert Watson, who retired last spring, after managing the Hunt for sixty years, was the first of Irish Masters to bestow especial care on the breeding of hounds, and it was doubtless to his influence and success that the supersession of the happy-go-lucky methods which used to obtain was

Mr. Fernie's Hounds: The Pack

Mr. Fernie's Hounds off to Covert

largely due. The Carlow pack has always had a name for drive and quickness in work, and Mr. Grogan bids fair to more than maintain the tradition. E. Gulwell, who hunted the hounds for Mr. Watson, is now first whipper-in and kennel huntsman to Mr. Nigel Baring, of the Duhallow, another Master who spares neither trouble nor expense in keeping up a handsome and workmanlike pack. The Duhallow bitches have won many prizes at Clonmel, the Irish equivalent for Peterborough. Mention of Clonmel reminds one of the sad loss which the Irish sporting community has sustained by the death of Mr. W. A. Riall, of Annerville, who did so much to make the Show a success. The Tipperary Hunt is now a very thriving institution, but it was not always so, and Mr. Riall came forward to hunt the country for a couple of seasons at a highly critical period, when Mr. J. N. Langley had retired owing to insufficient support.

A Glacial Period

The same snap of cold weather that suspended His Portuguese Majesty's duck shooting at Chatsworth brought consternation to the hearts of hunting men. Were the prophecies, born of abundant berries, to be fulfilled, and was this November frost but a prelude to weeks of inactivity? It came so suddenly, too, for, in the south at any rate, few who rode to hounds on that sunny Monday, in almost summer weather, could realise that hunting would, on the next day, be either stopped or only attempted at peril. Well, if we are in for an Arctic winter, we scarcely ought to grumble, for recent seasons have been open enough. Still a week or two of frost would have been more tolerable last year, when horses really did want a rest after wallowing in mud from the very beginning. Many Masters thought so, any way, if they did not mention it.

Photo by] The Carlow Hounds (*W. Ivey*

This Hunt covers a large area, which lies in Carlow, Wicklow, Wexford, and Queen's County

Winning Jockeys of the Year

B. Dillon

Otto Madden

E. Wheatley

W. Halsey

M Cannon

A Sharples

C. Trigg

The Education of the Native

Antonio, a Philippine Chieftain, at St. Louis Exhibition, practising on a "Blick" typewriter

Oil! Oil! Oil!

As several letters from beginners have reached me recently with regard to lubrication, perhaps the old hands amongst my readers will pardon a few lines on this all-important subject. I never remember yet meeting with a motorist who would admit that he had ever been guilty of under-oiling. Bearings and brasses tell, however, their own tale, and quite half the engines that come into the repairers' hands have been spoilt for want of oil. Oil, good oil, plenty of it. These words should be painted on the dashboard of every car which goes into the hands of a novice. The speed of a petrol engine, and the temperature at which its work is done, demand, if the bearings are to last, ceaseless vigilance with regard to lubrication. Hill-climbing efficiency, too, depends, to a large extent, on the amount of oil that the "splash" feeds on to the piston. The friction loss between the piston rings and the cylinder walls is bound to be high, and it can only be kept down to a reasonable amount by keeping plenty of oil in the crank case.

Spare the Oil and Spoil the Motor

Remember, too, in this connection, that good compression depends to some extent in maintaining a film of oil between the piston, its rings, and the cylinder walls. To secure real running efficiency, the engine should always receive as much oil as can possibly be fed in, without fouling the inlet valves or sooting the plugs; this amount should be ascertained by over-oiling to start with and gradually cutting down the oil until these troubles cease. Most manufacturers advise emptying occasionally the oil in the crank case of the engine—the best interpretation of "occasionally" is, roughly, 150 miles; it may seem extravagant, but it pays, for even the best oils soon become partially carbonised.

Bulk Oils

To encourage this apparent extravagance in oil, I recommend that oils should be purchased in bulk and not in little tins covered with paper pictures. On my suggestion, Messrs. Gamage are prepared to supply motorists with two of the finest oils on the market, viz., Price's and Vacuum, at very reasonable rates. These oils, in drums of five gallons and upwards, work out at *2s. 9d.* a gallon, carriage paid to the nearest railway station. Petrol, too, these "Whiteley's" of the motor business can deliver, if ordered in quantities, at *9d.* a gallon. Oil and spirit are the bread and butter of the motor-car, and it is well worth while for my readers to call or write to Messrs. Gamage's, of Holborn, and make arrangements for a constant supply. Buying a gallon or two at a time may suit the local dealer, but not the purchaser's pocket. The firm make a special point of supplying Michelin tyres at Continental prices, and they have taken up the agency for the Wallwork detachable, non-skid, cover, which they have tested

The Main Entrance to the Grand Palais, Paris, where the Annual Automobile Exhibition opens on December 9

and found to be a really serviceable article—if you cannot call, send for their price list, it will save you money.

The Stanley Show

The show season has begun, and the Stanley, at the Agricultural Hall, opened the ball. Big crowds were present all last week, and much interest was taken in the numerous tri-cars which the several motor-cycle firms are putting on the market. Whether the light car, or the tri-car, will be the poor man's carriage it is hard to say. This year's tri-cars mark a great improvement, but they still, to my mind, fall short of the small car, the saving, too, between a three and four-wheeler is, at the most, £50.

The Humber 10 h.-p.

Putting aside the maze of cycles, glorious in plate and enamel, the feature of the exhibition is, without doubt, the latest production of the Humber firm. This world-famed cycle company have put on the market a 10 h.-p. four-cylinder car at the price of £215! So interesting is this all-British production, that I append a short description. The wheel-base of this car is 8 feet 6 inches, the track 3 feet 7 inches, and the weight 11 cwt; the engine is composed of four cylinders, cast separately, 3-inch bore by 3-inch stroke, and, fed by a Longuemare carburettor, develops its power at 1,200 revolutions. The drive is through a compact, well-made gear-box, with the usual three speeds and a reverse, the top speed being direct. From the gear-box the drive is taken through a propeller shaft, with universal joints, to a live axle of ample strength. The frame, following De Dion and Renault practice, is built of weldless steel tubing, and the long experience of the company in tubular construction guarantees of its efficiency. Worm and segment steering and double-acting brakes complete a sound *chassis*. Verily, a change is coming over the scene when one can buy a four-cylinder car at such a price from a firm of repute.

The Paris Show

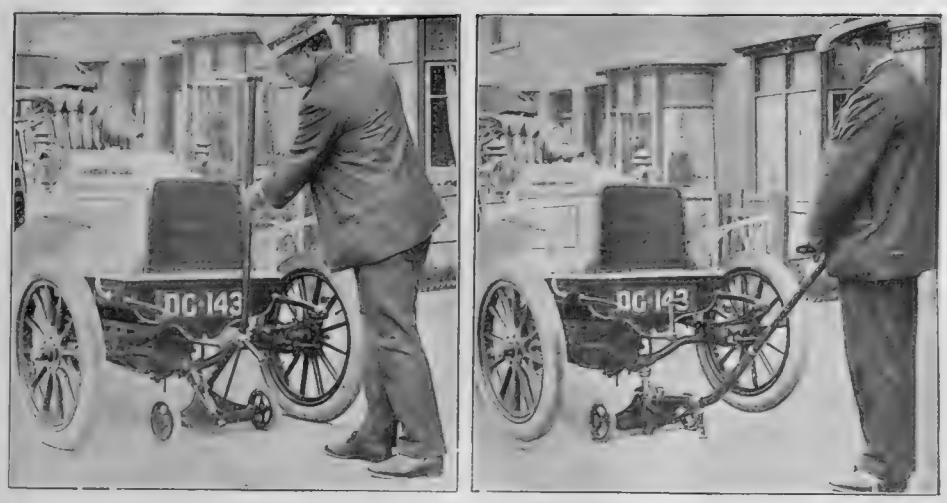
This famous annual automobile exhibition is to be held as usual in the Grand Palais. The Minister of Commerce and Industry has signified his willingness to open it on December 9 next, and it will remain open till the 25th. The overflow exhibits of motor-boats and machines in motion will be housed in the Horticultural Palace. A Salon cup race for motor-boats will be held on the Seine during the show. In addition to this speed test, intending purchasers will be able to try the different makes of motor-boats near the Palace. Some idea of the importance of the Paris show can be gathered from the rise in value of the French exports. The value of French motor-cars sent out of the country in 1902 was £960,000, in 1903 £1,840,000, while in 1904 it has already, in ten months, totalled up to £2,240,000.

A Quick Repair

The 16 h.-p. Martini car started its 4,000 miles trial on Monday, November 14, with a run to Brighton and back, which was accomplished without incident. On Tuesday, the car ran *viâ* Oxford to Hucclecoat, 2¾ miles short of Gloucester. The breakage of two bolts in the chain caused a few minutes' delay. On Wednesday, the main Holyhead road was taken to Coventry, and then the main Chester road to Arley Station. The run was practically a non-stop. On Thursday, the route was through Hatfield and Stamford, turning at the eleventh milestone beyond, close to South Witham. On Friday, the main Exeter road was followed to a point beyond Basingstoke, the run was a

A big drawing card at the Stanley Show: The 10 h.-p. Four-Cylinder Humber. Price £215

capital one, and non-stop both going and returning. On Saturday, the main Bath road was taken, *viâ* Reading and Marlborough, to Box, the car went like a clock in spite of atrocious roads and drizzling rain. The Thursday run was marked by a bad side-slip; it occurred while leaving London. Although a back wheel was badly strained, the car did a non-stop run, and on Friday morning a new wheel was fitted in the short space of half-an-hour.



A useful Jack, which Messrs. Gamage, of Holborn, are supplying for use in the Garage

The Adams Jack, illustrated above, will lift either the front or back part of any car or carriage. The Jack being on wheels, one person is enabled to move the car in any position desired, either backwards or forward, to place it in the shortest lock possible, and turn it round in a space its own length. The car is then manipulated exactly as an ordinary bath chair

Mr. S. F. Edge on Side-Slip

Following upon the correspondence, on the vexed question of side-slip, from Captain Deasy and Mr. Charles Jarrott, published last week, comes the accompanying letter on the same subject from Mr. S. F. Edge:

14, New Burlington Street, London, W.
November 21, 1904.

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to your correspondence on side-slip, I will take the points under their several headings, and endeavour to give you my views on the subject.

As regards the best detachable appliance. There are many appliances now on the market, which can be easily attached to any tyre, and most of these appliances, such as the Parson's chain, l'Empereur Non-skid band, the Otto band, etc., are all excellent in their way, and prevent side-slip to a great extent, but again they have certain disadvantages, as they require watching very carefully. Unless this is done, they are extremely likely to come off and get in the chain or sprocket wheel, or some other part of the car, and cause a serious accident. At the same time, of course, there is a certain loss of speed, owing to friction.

This is got over by fixed appliances, and as regards your second heading—as to the best fixed appliance—it seems to me that something that is actually part and parcel of the tyre, by this I mean the ribbed tyre, such as the Dunlop Corrugated Tyre, or the Palmer Ribbed Cord Tyre, does prevent side-slip to a certain extent, although, perhaps, not so much as a detachable appliance, such as chains. On the other hand, there is not such a great loss by friction, and your tyre lasts considerably longer.

As regards the approximate loss of speed through these various appliances, I should be inclined to estimate the loss with most of the detachable appliances such as chains—about 15 per cent.; with the fixed patterns, such as corrugations on the tyres—about 10 per cent.

Side-slip can be stopped by the judicious use of the steering wheel to a very great extent, providing the slip has not gone too far, but a really good driver will not slip even without any non-slipping device to any noticeable extent, as if the road is greasy there is nothing to do except to drive slowly.

As regards the question of tyre inflation affecting side-slips, I am inclined to think that a tyre inflated to its very fullest extent, so that it is extremely hard, gets a better grip on the road than a tyre only inflated partially. Personally, I should prefer to drive with a hard tyre on a greasy road than a soft one.

As regards the best way to use a brake on a skidding car, I should most certainly say do not! as it is the surest way to increase a side-slip; but if you are driving on a greasy road, and you are forced to use a brake, I should suggest using your foot-brake in preference to the hand-brake, as by doing so you have both hands on the steering-wheel, and apply the brake gently and do not keep it on, but keep applying it and taking it off, so as not to let your car begin to get any side movement.

Certainly, if you have the tonneau of your car weighted and are carrying passengers, your car will not slip to anything like the same extent as if there was no weight on the back wheels.

As to whether there is any difference between the behaviour of chain-driven cars and bevel-driven cars, this is a very moot question, and one that I do not think can be decided until we have had more experience, but the whole point of side-slip seems to me to revolve itself into one of driving. If one drives fast on a greasy road, and has to apply one's brakes suddenly, there is no amount of skill or anything else which will prevent you side-slipping. The whole point is, not to drive fast enough on greasy roads to have to resort to the brakes.

The question of side-slip is a very difficult one, and the various appliances, whether detachable or otherwise, which are on the market, are satisfactory, but none of them absolutely so.

The correct design of a car has a great bearing on side-slip, the proportion of wheel-base, size of wheels, etc., are all most important factors, and a correctly-designed car does not have the tendency to slip that a badly-designed one does.—Yours truly,

S. F. EDGE.

Viceregal Criticism

Lord Curzon has entered the list of motor critics, and describes in the following moderate terms a motor race:

Flying across the country at a velocity greater than that of the average train upon rails, destroying the roads, causing danger to men and animals, obliterating the scenery amid a cloud of dust, and drowning every sensation amid a roar of sound.

The statement that the cars destroy the roads makes me wonder whether he has ever seen a motor race or travelled on a high-speed car. While there are fewer traps about at present owing to the police retiring to winter quarters, yet my readers should be careful not to

DESTROY THE ROADS

In the suburbs of Birmingham.
Round Hampton Court.
Approaching Brighton (3 miles out).
In the London Parks.

Alfred C. Hunter.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Grammar of Imitation

There is a growing tendency in these days to subject all our sports and games, and the methods of the outstanding performers in them, to a searching analysis, for the purpose of discovering and publishing for the benefit of aspiring and eager beginners the exact processes by which the best results may be achieved in the shortest space of time. Now, although I am far from wishing to decry the value of the various *gradus ad Parnassum* written by eminent sporstmen and players of games, I think it is time to utter a "caveat" against one particular form of grammar which is being pushed to extreme and dangerous lengths. If I may be allowed the expression, I will call this alluring, but perilous, method of paper instruction the grammar of imitation, and I will further divide it into two classes: the analytical imitation and the mechanical imitation.

Adventitious, likewise Pernicious, Aids

In the first class, I would put Mr. Beldam's book, "Great Golfers, their Methods at a Glance," and, in the latter class, the advertisement of an india-rubber grip, which is an exact impression of a great player's grip, and can be purchased by imitative admirers and fitted to their clubs, while a further example of this class is furnished by the advertisement of a strap arrangement, designed to help novices to attain a correct swing by holding their arms in what, as far as the inventor is concerned, is the correct position. Now, I do not wish to say a word against Mr. Beldam's book, which will always be of the utmost value as a historical record of the methods of great players at the present time; nor do I wish to interfere with the sale of the imitated grip, or the patent strap arrangement for teaching the young idea how to swing; what I wish to point out is that the old adage, "there is no royal road to learning," holds good of golf in as great a degree as it does of any other science, profession, sport, or game.

The Futility of it All

I have no doubt that many beginners have purchased mats similar to those designed by Mr. Beldam for showing the exact *stance* of the great players, and have set to work to imitate slavishly the *stance* and methods of some particular favourite of theirs among the players represented in the book. But, my dear friends, no two human anatomies are exactly identical, and, although your height may be the same as the player you have chosen to imitate, what do you know of the length of that player's arms, of the size of his hands, and the length of his fingers? All these factors are of vital importance in the sum total which is represented by the great player's game. A grip which may suit Vardon or Taylor may be fatal to your ease and comfort on account of differences between your hands and fingers and theirs, and yet I can see you, in my mind's eye, working away in the sweat of your brow to acquire a grip which gives you the greatest possible discomfort, just because of its successful results in the case of Vardon and Taylor.

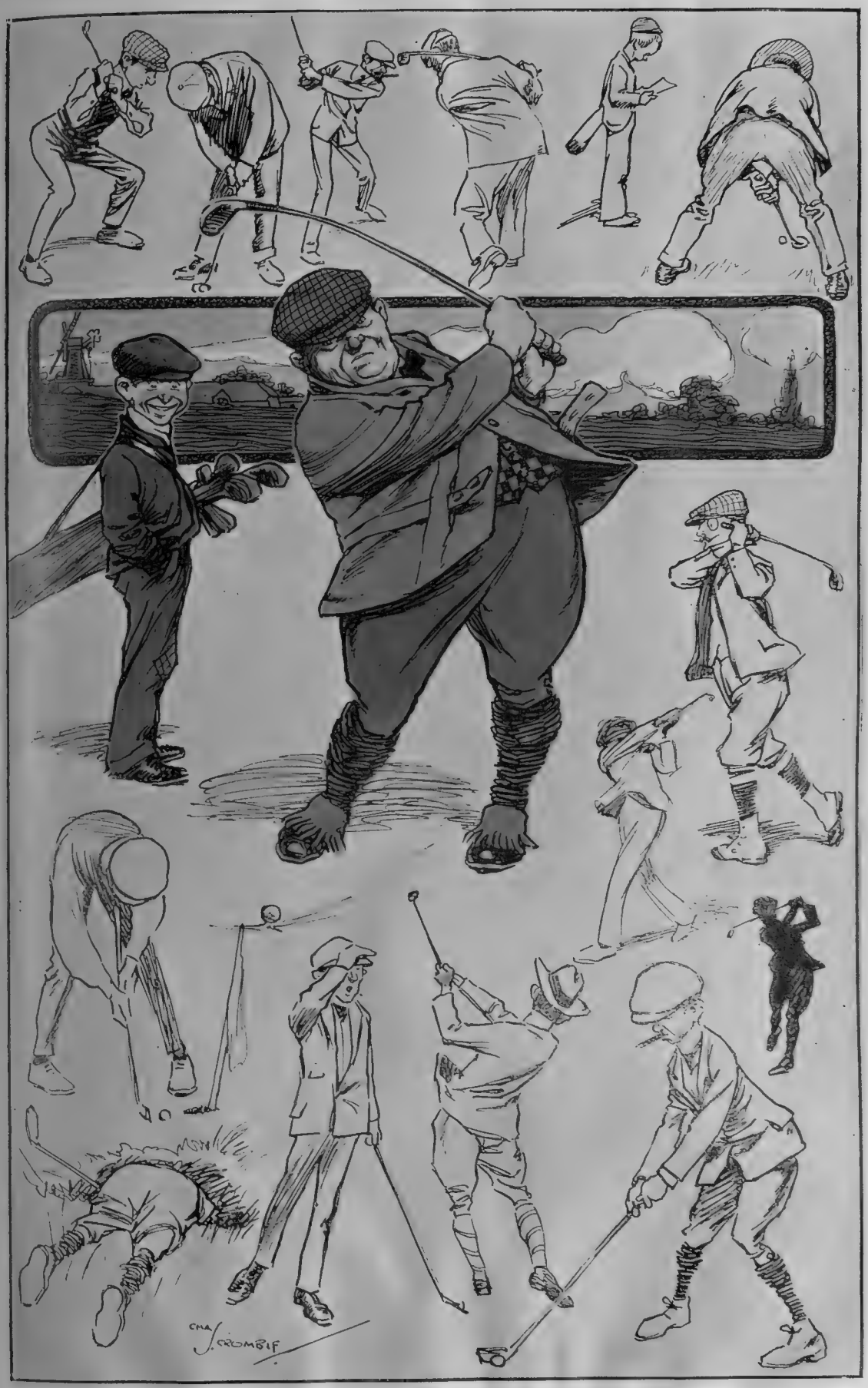
The Only Way

I can see you buying this rubber grip, and having it fitted on all your clubs, in the vain imagination that you are at once going to emulate the feats of your heroes. Worse still, a horrid picture presents itself of you in a species of harness, striving to acquire a correct swing in a few hours, like some unbroken colt being trotted round and round a fixed point by a groom. Believe me, dear beginners in the thorny study of the great problem, "Golf and how to play it," a few hours under the eye and advice of an intelligent and patient coach are worth all the text books and mechanical devices ever written or invented. The reason is not far to seek. Do you imagine, for a moment, that either Vardon or Taylor came to his present perfect game at a bound, like Athena springing fully armed from the head of Zeus?

The Long and Patient Process

No, each of those great players has achieved his present form by long and patient processes, in which he was constantly trying experiments, now retaining, now discarding, some particular grip, or *stance*, or method of playing a shot, until he had fully convinced himself which was the absolute best for his particular physique and conformation. Ask any great player, and he will confirm what I have written. There is no escape from this slow and gradual acquisition of knowledge. The lesson will not be shortened by the aid of imitative and mechanical devices; nay, it may be much lengthened. Each man must work out his own salvation after a few elementary lessons. Each man must find out by patient practice what lie of club, what grip, what *stance*, suits him best. Some will learn quicker than others. Remember, there is no absolutely stereotyped style. Each man must learn by patient application to evolve the style best suited to him. Do not, I beg of you, endeavour forcibly to acquire by slavish imitation a great player's style; graft what may suit you on to your style, but endeavour always to retain your own individuality.

Ernest Lehmann



ATTITUDINARIANS ON THE LINKS

SKETCHED BY CHARLES CROMBIE

In the World of Entertainment

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN"—"DAS THAL DES LEBENS"—"OTHELLO"—"THE BROKEN HEART"—AND MR. "JIMMIE" WELCH

At the St. James's Theatre

It is pleasant, when confronted with a resurrected play, to find it a healthy cadaver with nice pink flesh-tints and clad in a shroud, which might even pass as modish. *Lady Windermere's Fan* is a Society drama which might be the work (and it might not) of the rising playwright, for the tracking of whom actor-managers, critics, and the public—all things being dull—raise the hue and cry. There have been plays in plenty, since *Lady Windermere's Fan*, treating of the titled classes with verisimilitude. There have been plays coloured by brilliant splashes of witty dialogue. There have been plays the action of which has been stiffened with the welcome buckram of melodrama. Wilde's play is composite of all these elements, so the revival of it points a moral to playwrights, and adorns a tail (in the cricketing sense) of plays.

Mr. "Jimmie" Welch

Whose engagement for the Drury Lane pantomime is a managerial step upon the wisdom of which playgoers are pleasantly unanimous

The revival of it also provides a peg upon which to hang a few critics—those, indeed, who quoted extracts from the things they wrote on the first production of the play twelve long years since. *Imprimis*, it gives a clue to their age and experience which provokes the sorrowing reflection that they ought to know and write better. Again, this conservatism of view argues a stout resistance to the human law of change. Not to have allowed one's opinions to have suffered the influence of a twelve years' battle with new creeds, new needs, new standards—this is stagnance, indeed, of such kind as to point Mr. George Bernard Shaw's comparison of the labours of a dramatic critic with the leisure of a Persian cat. Only politicians are confronted with the pale ghost of former dictums—and then the raising is the work of malignant opponents. Last and worst change of all, this employment of the maxim, "What I have said, I have said," argues, in a critic at least, a want of humour. There are so many opinions which the best of men would like to revoke.

To return to the play. Its revival was the occasion of a spontaneous and most pleasurable recognition of the art of Miss Marion Terry. It seemed as though the applause of the public was a counter demonstration against the Fate which has denied to Miss Terry the high honours and position which are her due.

There was a warm welcome for another player of her original character—Miss Fanny Coleman, who possesses, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of keeping a long comedy scene at high pressure. Mr. Vane-Tempest regarded his boots, and sidled about the stage as of yore. Of the newcomers, Miss Lilian Braithwaite played on sound lines. She has a level of propriety in acting which makes one long that she would play some scenes a little worse and some scenes a little better. Mr. Aubrey Smith also gave a sound performance, but his soundness is less open to exception. Mr. Sydney Brough was almost unrecognisable as Lord Gus. He gave an exceedingly clever and amusing rendering of the *rôle*.

At the Great Queen Street Theatre

There is a frank impudence about the *motif* of *Das Thal des Lebens*, by that bold dramatist, Dr. Max Dreyer, which goes far towards discounting the outraged feelings of the moral British playgoer. Moreover, the moral British playgoer's acquaintance with the German tongue does not permit him to wrestle with the subtleties of the dialogue. Provided by an excellent synopsis in the programme with the general trend of the play he can devote his attention to the masterly series of character studies presented for his observance by this clever company of German players. The curious anomaly arises of a play, which would be utterly impossible in English, presenting to the playgoer, who is not a linguist, all the charm of a dainty English comedy.

The manner of its playing contributes largely to this amazing result. Without attempting to specify the circumstances which bring a countryman turned soldier into the service of a young and fascinating Margravine, one can pay tribute to the talents of Herr Hans Stock and Frau Rosie Grawz. The latter is a bewitching little actress, with a natural laugh,

the infection of which it would be difficult to withstand. She is a very imp of mischief in this undelectable *rôle*, and her manner of love-making must be forgiven for its merriment. Her little form quivers, and her dancing eyes blaze with naughtiness. For her conduct is naughty, and so is the play. But naughtiness is more easily forgiven than other offences.

At the Royalty Theatre

Mr. Sydney Brough
(Lord Augustus Lorton)

It would be difficult for a modern playwright to create, even if he tried so to do, an atmosphere of gloom in any way comparable with the murkiness which envelops Ford's tragedy, *The Broken Heart*. It is painted in the deepest tones. The high lights of the picture are such as might conveniently be used as a dark background on any other dramatic canvas. Yet this tragedy of old Greece has a compelling interest. It exerts a kind of spell upon the beholder, engrossing his attention for sheer desire to learn what is to follow. Impending tragedy, properly manipulated by the dramatist, should always exert this influence on the beholder. In the case of *The Broken Heart* the influence was rather uncomfortable. Mr. Philip Carr received but poor support on the evening I went to see the piece. That this is not as it should be has been expressed in the strongest terms by everyone whose office it is to write upon stage matters. There is a class of playgoers which prides itself upon a genuine love for the drama. That a member of this body should not take advantage of the opportunity of witnessing the revival of a series of old English plays is inconceivable. When next an acquaintance begins to prate upon his love for the drama, ask him if he has lately attended the Royalty Theatre, and if he has not, and cannot give as an excuse that he has already witnessed the plays which have been produced there, write him down a *blagueur*.

Miss Marion Terry
(Mrs. Erlynne)

Mr. "Jimmie" Welch

Mr. Arthur Collins has provided a nice treat for playgoers by giving them Mr. "Jimmie" Welch as sauce with their Christmas pantomime. When the news was first received, there was a general chorus, "of course, the very man." Mr. "Jimmie" Welch is one of those comedians who has been rather hampered by his versatility. He is a Jack of every branch of his trade, and master of them all. His greatest personal asset is a most engaging smile, with a greater development on one side of his mouth than on the other. That smile ought to captivate the Drury Lane audience within the first five minutes of his appearance. E. C. S.

At the Court Theatre

Mr. F. J. Nettlefold—who will be remembered in old comedy with Miss Kate Vaughan — played Othello to an interested and agreeably surprised audience at the Court Theatre. The new "grievèd Moor, made jealous by a slave," won the sympathy of the house at once by his fine bearing and oriental grace, and held it throughout the long, impassioned scenes by reason of his profound sincerity and acute intelligence.

The Desdemona of Miss Ford was effective, with occasional passages of charm, and the Cassio of Mr. Norman Partriège handsome and easy; while Mr. Hudson, although a little too obviously a knave, played Iago with skill and energy.

Miss Lilian Braithwaite
(Lady Windermere)

Mr. Aubrey Smith
(Lord Darlington)

Mr. Ben Webster
(Lord Windermere)

CHARACTERS IN "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN." SKETCHED BY LAWSON WOOD

A Woman's Pocket Book

SING A SONG FOR SIXPENCE

The reign of the two-shilling, or 1*s.* 8*d.* net, song is, it seems, doomed to extinction. Some enterprising firms are going to try the experiment of publishing the latest songs and music at 6*d.* About time, too! All music lovers have felt for very long that a reduction in the price of music was a necessary reform. Slowly, but gradually, it has been coming, and the new edition that is now to be published will realise, let us hope, our anticipations. Two shillings, or 1*s.* 8*d.*, was too much to expect from the general public in these days of cheap papers and enterprising publishers, and the consequence was that more people than would admit it, patronised the "pirates" and defrauded the authors of their royalties. But even so, there was a rift within the lute, for the printing of these copies was so bad as often to be illegible, and the score, in many cases, inaccurate. Now, by the new experiment, we are to have a nicely-printed piece of music on paper that is really very good, and all for the sum of 6*d.*

Encouraging the Music

It is certainly a step in the right direction, and will do much to encourage the love of music throughout the country. To the uninitiated in the mysteries of music publishing, it has been a matter of surprise that songs have for so long been published at what is, after all, an extortionate price. Think what one can buy in the way of papers for 1*s.* 8*d.*, and yet, in spite of all the competition among musical publishers, it is only now that at length they are beginning to recognise that bigger fortunes are made by selling to the many at a reasonable price, rather than to the limited few at a heavy one; and it will be an interesting experiment for a popular composer, who has hitherto sold a few thousand copies at 1*s.* 8*d.*, to compare the circulation of the same thing when he sells it to the million at 6*d.*

Perilous "Turns"

Another woman has met with a terrible accident as the result of "looping the loop." Twice nightly she performed what is described as her "thrilling turn," but during this exhibition, which took place at Sunderland, her second effort ended in a ghastly failure, for she fell from the top of the loop, a distance of twenty feet, to the stage below. This is not by any means the first of these accidents, nor will it be the last, so long as women are encouraged to perform these foolish feats of daring. It is useless to bemoan such sad fatalities, and to blame the British public, as is so often done, for sanctioning them with their presence. So long as they are permitted to continue there will always be found spectators willing to be "thrilled," at the risk of somebody else's life, barbaric as it is. But there is no doubt that such exhibitions as these ought to be forbidden by the law. They are as bad as bull-fighting in Spain, which everyone is so fond of condemning as the amusement of a degenerate people.

A Question of Nerves

The whole thing depends on nerves, and the difference between the two sexes in this respect is too well known to require explanation. The very fact that a woman, in these perilous undertakings, creates far greater excitement than a man, proves that the danger in her case is well known to be greater. The risk that men run in performing the same feats is slight compared to that of a woman; still, the whole principle is a wrong one, and ought to be stopped for everybody's sake, and not, least of all, for the performer's.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu

Some Fish Entrées

SALMON CUTLETS

Cut the slices of salmon one inch thick, remove the bone, season each slice with pepper and salt, wrap each in a sheet of buttered paper, broil over a clear fire about a quarter of an hour; or the cutlets can be egged and bread-crumbed, and fried in boiling fat. Flatten them with a cutlet bat, and trim them to small cutlets.

SCALLOPED SCALLOPS

(Coquilles à l'Escalope)

Wash the scallops well in two or three waters, trim away the beards, preserving the white, black, and orange-coloured parts. Mince the scallops finely, and mix with them a very little finely-chopped parsley, and a little pepper, salt, and a trifle of cayenne. Make a thick white sauce, cook it well, add the squeeze of a lemon; then throw the minced scallops into the sauce for a second, give one turn on the fire and pour into the shells; add six drops of chili vinegar, strew bread-crumbs over, and place on the top plenty of little pieces of butter, put in the oven to brown, and serve very hot.

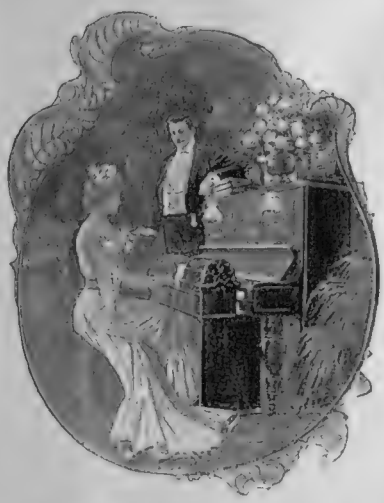
BOUCHÉES OF FISH

Take the remains of any cold fish, remove all skin and bone, separate it with a fork into flakes, and season with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Butter some small dariole moulds, and fill them three parts with the fish, taking care not to pack them too closely. Make a custard with two eggs and half a pint of milk; fill each mould with this, and cover the top with greased paper. Stand the moulds in a pan containing boiling water, reaching half way up the moulds, and steam very slowly until the custard is set. Turn each out carefully. Garnish, and add sauce to taste. Serve hot.

SALMON CUTLETS MADE FROM TINNED SALMON

Take a tin of salmon, remove the bones, and shred the fish finely. Weigh the fish, and allow one-third of its weight in mashed potato. Season with salt, pepper, a pinch of mace, and a tablespoonful of Tarragon vinegar. Beat up an egg, and work it into the salmon mixture, scattering enough chopped capers over it to flavour delicately. Form the mixture into cutlets, brush over with beaten egg, dip into bread-crumbs, place in a wire basket, and fry in boiling fat till a golden brown. Serve with mayonnaise sauce.

EMILIA.



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Matters Musical

The Boy Conductor

Of Florizel von Reuter, as a violinist, it may be said that he plays marvellously well for a boy of twelve years, and though his time is occasionally somewhat erratic, small fault can be found with his tone. He seems in particular to possess a marvellous facility in playing the highest harmonics, which are always true to pitch and of clear and flute-like quality, but, personally, I am inclined to think that he does not come up to the artistic level of Vecsey, who created such a sensation last season. As a composer, it is certain that he shows great promise, and, provided that his genius continues to develop, he should, in the future, prove very successful in this direction. As a conductor, he gives evidence of careful training, and, though his "action" is a little automatic, he obviously knows his orchestra very well.

"Carmen" at Covent Garden

By the time this appears in print, the San Carlo Grand Opera Company will have departed from the chilling influence of the prevailing wind at Covent Garden Theatre to the warmer regions of Italy. The last week was opened with a performance of *Carmen*, with Madame Lafargue playing the name part for the first time. She sang very well, and succeeded in conveying the coquetry and seductiveness of the heroine's character. M. Cornubert, who made his first appearance as "Don José," has an excellent style, though his voice is not very pleasing.

Photo by *London Stereo. Co.*

Florizel von Reuter conducting the London Symphony Orchestra in a "Fantasie" of his own composition

The Automatic Accompanist

To such a science has the manufacture of piano-players been reduced that it would hardly surprise one if, in the near future, some *prima donna* were to appear with a mysterious wire leading from the piano to her left bracelet, whence she would control her own accompaniment. A special feature of the programme at the Von Reuter Concert was, that the "Triumph Ideal" piano-player acted as the accompanist. Already once before, at St. James's Hall, this little instrument has revealed its remarkable powers. It was certainly astounding with what exactness and reliability the "Triumph" did its work. There appeared to be no difficulty in causing it to accommodate itself to the necessarily irregular time of such complicated accompaniments as the jewel-song from *Faust*—which, by the way, was effectively sung by Miss Adelaide Rind—and Wieniawski's *Airs Russes*, played in his best style by the prodigy himself. To those unable to play the pianoforte themselves, one can recommend the "Triumph," for which Messrs. Kastner and Co., of Regent Street, are agents, as a capital appliance for imitating manual playing, especially as the price brings it within the reach of the most modest purse.

"Micaela" was charmingly sung by Miss Alice Nielsen, but Signor Amato's voice was scarcely powerful enough for the "Toreador." Mlle. Trentini sang particularly well the minor part of "Frasquita." The performance, as a whole, though not striking, attained a fair level, and the orchestra played with great finish.

MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK

Wednesday, November 30
Queen's Hall. Grand Scotch Concert, at 7.30.
Albert Hall. Grand Scotch Festival, at 7.45.

Thursday, December 1
Albert Hall. Royal Choral Society, *Hiawatha*, at 8.

Friday, December 2
St. Anne's Church, Soho. Bach's Christmas Oratorio, at 8.

Saturday, December 3
Bechstein Hall. Barns-Phillips' Chamber Concert, at 3.

Monday, December 5
Steinway Hall. H. Fryer's Piano Recital, at 3.15.
Queen's Hall. London Choral Society, *Everyman*, at 8.

Tuesday, December 6
Queen's Hall. Abbas 'Cello Recital, at 8.30.

H. F.

The Bystander, November 30, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 52.—Vol. IV. Wednesday, November 30, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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£3,000.—NEWBURY DISTRICT.—A charming old-fashioned FARM RESIDENCE, with lovely old oak panelling, and containing: 4 bed and 2 reception rooms; gravel soil; stabling, outbuildings, and nearly 70 acres of finely-timbered land.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£2,200.—NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—A capital HUNTING BOX in the cream of the Pytchley country, 2 miles from kennels, and 2½ miles from 3 stations: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, and 2 dressing rooms, servants' hall, and offices; stabling for 4; small garden.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,000.—Between Oxted and Westerham; 700ft. above sea).—A capital BIJOU HOUSE, and 10 acres of finely-timbered grounds; stabling for 2 horses, farmery, carriage drive; 3 miles from station. Can be had with less land.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,000.—CRAWLEY (near).—A capital RESIDENCE, in a beautiful country, and with 8 acres of garden and land. Contains: billiard room, 2 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, and good offices; stabling, etc.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,200.—HANTS (near Liss), 250ft. above sea level.—Attractive RESIDENCE, with a south aspect, and nearly 7 acres of ground; avenue drive, and the accommodation comprises: large hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices. Near golf.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,350.—ESSEX (30 minutes from Town).—In a bracing position, 300 ft. above sea level, charming RESIDENCE and 30 acres of rich grass land: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, and offices; stabling, farmery, etc.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,500.—HINDHEAD and FRENSHAM.—A creeper-clad gabled RESIDENCE, near golf course, containing: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall, and offices; stabling for 4. Exceedingly pretty grounds and grass land of 9 acres.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,750.—BERKS.—A perfectly-appointed RESIDENCE and about 19 acres of Land; avenue drive and magnificent timber; spacious halls, 3 reception rooms, 8 good bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, cottages, etc.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£3,850.—NEWBURY (near).—45 acres of Land and finely-placed RESIDENCE, containing: entrance hall, 2 reception rooms and 5 good bedrooms; cottage, stabling, and outbuildings.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£4,000.—HANTS (1½ hours from Town).—Modernised RESIDENCE and 15 acres of land in a fine position. Contains: sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, servants' hall, and offices. Soil, gravel and sand.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£4,000.—SEVENOAKS (near), 400 ft. above sea level.—A delightful Modern RESIDENCE in a picturesque district. Contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 or 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices. Stabling and cottage. 5 acres of delightful and inexpensive grounds.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

SUSSEX and HANTS (a mile from station, in a lovely district, and commanding delightful views.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, approached by a drive, and containing: 4 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; modern drainage, electric bells, gas, and Company's water. Tastefully laid-out grounds, walled-in kitchen and fruit garden, conservatory, very productive orchard, paddock, and 2 meadows, in all about 6 acres. Stables of 3 stalls, harness room, and living rooms, etc. Golf half-a-mile; near church and post; shooting and fishing, and hunting with 3 packs.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

OWEN WALLIS & CO., 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

BETWEEN NEWCASTLE AND LEEDS. PERFECT ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, WITH OVER 2,000 ACRES.

TO BE SOLD, one of the most attractive RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATES in the North. The property is in good order throughout. The House is modern Elizabethan, and contains: oak-panelled hall, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 20 bedrooms, several bathrooms, and every imaginable convenience, including electric light and hot-water heating. First-rate hunting, good shooting.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have just been over this estate, and are able to recommend the property with confidence. Offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

HALF-HOUR NORTH OF LONDON (MAIN LINE). EARLY ELIZABETHAN HOUSE IN PERFECT ORDER

TO BE SOLD.—The above delightful RESIDENCE, upon which the owner has spent many thousands and is prepared to lose, although the position of the house, with its picturesque character and old oak panelling, shows judicious expenditure: 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms; stabling.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as above. (2,668)

OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK (Ulster Terrace; by order of the Executors).—One of the very few available HOUSES in this favourite district to be LET or SOLD immediately. It contains: 4 excellent reception rooms, billiard room, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, and ample offices. Stabling and garage; electric light. — Apply KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,195)

SMALL HOUSE, WITH LARGE ROOMS AND OLD GARDEN. INSIDE THE FOUR-MILE CAB RADIUS.

TO BE SOLD, Detached HOUSE on Tulse Hill, with drawing and dining rooms, each about 23ft. by 14ft., morning room, principal bedroom 23ft. by 14ft., 6 smaller bedrooms, bathroom. Excellent light offices. Secluded garden about 200ft. long, abutting on to Brockwell Park, and within 12 minutes' walk of three stations. Electric light and bells. Hot and cold water. Lease, 36 years. Low ground rent. Price, £1,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,220)

AT A SACRIFICE.

£7,500 WILL BUY a Compact SPORTING ESTATE which has cost, within the last two years, over £12,000. It is situate in a beautiful part of Sussex, and comprises a pleasure farm of 166 acres, mostly grass, with the above charming old Residence, which has been modernised and brought up to date; electric light, modern sanitary arrangements; 4 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, bath; stabling and farm buildings, well-timbered pleasure grounds, secondary residence, 4 cottages, etc.—Further particulars, photographs, and plan, of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property, and can thoroughly recommend it. (2,600)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

THE ATTENTION OF EXECUTORS, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners, who may be desirous of selling Family Jewels, Old Silver, Paintings, Drawings, Engravings and Prints, Miniatures, China, Bronzes, Coins, Medals, Libraries, Autographs, Sculpture, Old Lace, Furs, Pianofortes, Musical and Scientific Instruments, Guns, Furniture, and other valuables, is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S

THREE AUCTION GALLERIES,

which are open daily to receive property intended for early public disposal.

SALES ON OWNERS PREMISES

are held in all parts of the Kingdom, of Contents of Residences, Farming Stock, etc., as required.

VALUATIONS UNDER THE FINANCE ACT, 1894, for Partnership, Division, and all other purposes are prepared at short notice.

2½ HOURS FROM LONDON. EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE. NEAR COUNTRY TOWN.

WEST OF ENGLAND.

THIS CHARMING RESIDENCE, standing in most picturesque grounds of 12 acres, for SALE, or would be LET, Unfurnished. The House commands pretty views, has S.E. aspect, and contains: lounge hall (25ft. by 21ft.), heated conservatory and greenhouse, dining room (29ft by 13ft.), handsome drawing room (37ft. 3in. by 21ft.), morning room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc. Perfect order throughout. Beautifully decorated and appointed; principal rooms heated by hot water. Company's water and gas. Stabling for 4, 2 cottages, etc. Choice pleasure grounds with sloping lawns and ornamental water, fruit gardens, and glasshouses. — Price and rent on application to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,748)

AMONGST THE PINES.

35 MINUTES FROM LONDON. EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE.

TO BE SOLD, a Charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE of attractive design, standing on sandy soil, well removed from the road, with south aspect. Accommodation: fine entrance hall, drawing room (21ft. square), dining room (27ft. by 18ft.), library (21ft. by 18ft.), billiard room (30ft. by 20ft.), 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; electric light and every modern comfort. Inexpensive grounds of over 2 acres. Conservatory. Golf links near. Price, £5,750.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,742)

£15 AN ACRE.

SOUTH OXON.—A good useful FARM of about 200 acres, in a picturesque part of the county, at the foot of the Chilterns Hills, near a market town and in a district where land is rising in value, owing to the many residential amenities, including some select golf links. Farmhouse and substantial buildings in excellent repair. 4 cottages.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,679)

COUNTRY HOUSE IN EAST SUSSEX.

HEATHFIELD DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, a Modern RESIDENCE, 5 minutes' walk from a village, and within about 1½ hours of London. The House which stands 450 feet above sea level commands fine views, and contains: 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing and bathrooms, heated with hot water, gas laid on, main drainage. Excellent stabling, including; 5 loose boxes tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc., 1 acre in all; hunting and shooting can usually be rented. Price, 3,000 guineas.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (730)

THE BEST HOUSE IN GROSVENOR GARDENS.

REDECORATED THROUGHOUT REGARDLESS OF COST.

TO BE SOLD, a great bargain, the fine MANSION, known as 44, Grosvenor Gardens, situated on the preferable side, and in perfect order. It contains: 5 reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing rooms, two staircases, and unusually good offices; electric light and gas laid on; stabling for 5.—Agents, Messrs KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below.

4,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING. OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE.

YORKS.—To be LET, Furnished, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE (16 bedrooms), standing in a well-wooded park; stabling for 14; 6 tennis courts (1 covered in), cricket ground, farmery, and pasture land if desired; hunting with 4 packs. Low rent.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (F 613)

MANORIAL RESIDENCE IN SUFFOLK.

£2,000 for a small ESTATE of 40 acres of rich meadow and arable land, with a quaint old gabled Manor House erected in the sixteenth century. It contains: drawing room (22 ft. 6 in. by 22 ft.), dining room with mullioned bay window, morning room, 9 bedrooms, etc. Ornamental gardens. Set of farm buildings, 9 cottages.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (666)

ABOUT 2½ HOURS FROM LONDON. IN A HEALTHY DISTRICT. NEAR VILLAGE.

TO BE SOLD, this exceedingly attractive PROPERTY, comprising an old-fashioned red-brick Residence, standing in charming grounds of 3 acres. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Gas laid on. Stabling. Golf links near. Hunting, shooting, and fishing. A particularly choice property, and specially recommended.—Price and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,873)

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES VICTORIA OR LONDON BRIDGE. Rural district.—Detached RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 5 bed, bath; standing in 2 acres of nice old matured grounds. Stabling. Price, £2,500; less land, £1,400. — KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,577)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

CANTERBURY (near).—For SALE, at a reduced price, the above attractive COUNTRY HOUSE and 23 acres, high and healthily situated, near station, easy reach of sea, 1½ miles from first-class golf: 13 beds (besides dressing rooms), large reception; stabling, cottages, farmery, delightful grounds, orchard, plantation, well-timbered meadows.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,857)

REMARKABLY cheap little ESTATE of 52 acres. Price, £2,500 only; gentleman's HOUSE: 10 bedrooms, 3 reception, square hall; stabling, charming gardens, and very useful land; 1½ miles from station; 400ft. above sea; grand views of North Downs Hills.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,851)

A COMPACT LITTLE PROPERTY of 7 Acres in the midst of good hunting and society.—To be SOLD, in a favourite part of Oxfordshire, an old-fashioned HOUSE, internally modernised, with 3 good sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath, stabling and 2 cottages. Sheltered garden. Price moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (10,881)

MEYNELL COUNTRY.—£4,400.—This exceptionally attractive, moderate-sized RESIDENCE, with excellent stabling, perfectly matured and inexpensive pleasure grounds, small park, and 2 pasture fields, in all about 42 acres; exceedingly compact; bounded by main county road; good water and drainage; superb views; 420ft. above sea level. Inspected and highly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

BEST PART OF QUORN COUNTRY.
CLOSE TO AN EXPRESS STOPPING STATION.

A REMARKABLY complete small RESIDENTIAL ESTATE to be SOLD, comprising a perfectly-equipped and historic Mansion, fitted with electric light and heated throughout; excellent stabling for about 20 horses; thoroughly matured and inexpensive gardens and grounds, park, and home farm, in all nearly 150 acres. Inspected and highly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,344)

SURREY HILLS (between Oxted and Westerham, 700 ft. above sea).—£3,000 only for a capital BIJOU HOUSE and 10 acres of finely-timbered grounds. Stabling for 2 horses, farmery, carriage drive; 3 miles from station. Can be had with less land.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,954)

PRICE, £2,900.—To be SOLD, a very attractive PLEASURE FARM, comprising a substantial RESIDENCE, with lawn and good gardens, outbuildings, and nearly 30 acres of prettily-timbered grass land, divided into 5 meadows. The House contains: 4 good-sized bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, conservatory and good offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (17,973)

HANTS AND SUSSEX BORDERS (near Petersfield), standing very high with magnificent views.—To be SOLD, an artistic HOUSE and about 20 acres, with charming pleasure grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, etc.: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 5 reception; modern drainage; acetylene gas. Stabling. Under 2 miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,962)

£1,300.—A charming little FREEHOLD PROPERTY, in a favourite part of Herts, within an hour of London, and overlooking the Chiltern Hills: 3 reception, conservatory, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; flower and vegetable gardens, orchard, tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 3, harness room, coach-house; in the centre of Lord Rothschild's Hunt.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,276)

PRICE £4,100.
A BARGAIN IN SOMERSET.

A UNIQUE LITTLE ESTATE of about 23 acres of rich meadow and orchard, together with the above stone-built and mullioned RESIDENCE, in excellent order throughout: 5 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms; stabling for 4, 3 superior cottages, etc.; charming grounds, productive kitchen garden, etc. Hunting with Blackmore Vale Hounds.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,874)

BETWEEN LONDON AND YORK.—WANTED to PURCHASE, within motoring distance of main line station, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of from 1,000 to 3,000 acres, with a good House, surrounded by well-established grounds. Sporting essential. The smaller area preferred, but no objection would be raised to the larger, if the rentals would return interest equal to Trustee Investments.—"The Hon. J. C.," WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

£4,000, OR OFFER, will PURCHASE a compact FREEHOLD PROPERTY, with the above Residence and about 12 acres. 1½ miles from a main line station on the S.W. Rly., about half an hour's rail from Town. 3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; stabling for 4, farmery, and well-timbered grounds and paddocks.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,831)

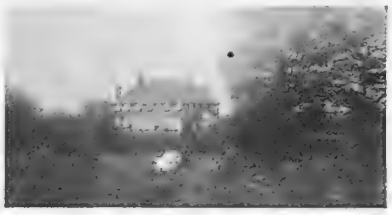
SUSSEX AND SURREY BORDERS.

FOR SALE.—The above picturesque RESIDENCE and 50 acres, delightfully situated 300ft. above sea; grand views; two miles from Three Bridges; beautifully-timbered grounds; all in perfect order; 15 bed and dressing rooms, large and lofty reception rooms, billiard room, stabling cottages, farmery; gas and water laid on; golf and hunting. Recommended.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,941)

SUSSEX (near the coast).—Charming little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 25 acres. To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, standing 500 ft. above sea level, and commanding superb marine and inland views; 3 reception and 12 bedrooms; stabling; attractive garden and well-timbered pasture lands; near golf and towns.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,065)

TO POLO PLAYERS, GOLFERS, HUNTING MEN, and others.—Cirencester (near).—Choice RESIDENCE, elevated situation, to be SOLD; charming moderate-sized pleasure grounds, usual reception rooms, about 13 bed and dressing rooms, and offices; capital stabling, 16 loose boxes, men's rooms, &c.; land can be rented.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,007)

35 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.



OXSHOTT AND COBHAM, surrounded by gorse and heather-clad common and pine woods, high on gravel with grand views, the above artistic RESIDENCE, exceptionally well-built for owner's occupation and replete with every comfort. 10 bed and dressing rooms, magnificent billiard room, stabling, charming well-timbered and shrubbed grounds, kitchen garden, 2 acres. Price, £4,500, or close offer. Highly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,934)

HUNTING WITH THREE PACKS, close to station, 1¼ hours from town.—For SALE, Freehold, an attractive medium-sized RESIDENCE in Bucks, standing on sandy soil, with beautiful views extending to the Chiltern Hills; capital stabling, outbuildings (including farmery), and several acres of rich old pasture.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,183)

HERTS (about 40 minutes from Euston).—To be SOLD, a choice Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 75 acres, comprising a handsome RESIDENCE of medium size, also farmery, bailiff's house, and cottages; charming grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, and park-like pasture and meadow land. Hunting and fishing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,726)

SURREY (Camberley).—To be SOLD, a singularly attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending to about 4 acres, and comprising well-built house, containing: hall, 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, and offices; stabling, coachman's rooms, and convenient outbuildings; beautifully sheltered grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, fruit and kitchen gardens; gardener's cottage, paddock.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,913)

BLACKMORE VALE (between Templecombe and Blandford).—£2,400 for a capital BIJOU HOUSE and 3½ acres in this favourite district, near a station. Stabling, farmery, good gardens and orchard. High situation, fine views.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,258)

MAIDSTONE (near).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and 28 acres, ½ mile from a station, 450ft. above sea; long carriage-drive; stabling; charming but inexpensive grounds; park-like meadows; 14 bed and dressing, 2 baths, 4 reception. Water laid on; acetylene gas.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,797)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.—For SALE, the Lease of an unusually pretty little COTTAGE RESIDENCE (in first-rate order), fitted with modern conveniences, including electric light and telephone; lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, study, 4 bedrooms, bath and usual offices; near station, church, and telegraph. Recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,727)

MARKET HARBOROUGH AND KETTERING (between), in the cream of the Pytchley country. Price, £2,200 for an unusually attractive old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE: 8 bed, 3 reception rooms; well-matured pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens; stabling for 6; in all over 9 acres. Near church and village, 3½ miles from station.—Full particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,567)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephone: 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON.

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A SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE (in a favourite district, surrounded by lovely country, and only 1 hour South from the Metropolis; also close to the Kennels of a well-known pack of Foxhounds), to be SOLD at a bargain price to show about 4 per cent. It comprises a singularly well-planned and attractive, moderate-sized Mansion, which stands in lovely but inexpensive pleasure grounds on a raised plateau, with terraces, and sheltered by its own beautiful woods and park; whilst there are extensive woodlands and farms. The accommodation includes: 4 well-proportioned reception, billiard, bath, and about 18 bed and dressing rooms, and has all modern improvements. The climate is bracing and the soil light The Estate is in the market owing to the death of the owner, and has been inspected by the Agents, who can strongly recommend it.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James', S.W.

WEYBRIDGE DISTRICT (on a hill; gravel and sand).—An artistic creeper-clad RESIDENCE, surrounded by magnificent old-timbered gardens and grounds, approached by carriage drive, and containing: fine entrance hall, dining room (20 ft. by 17 ft. 9 in.), drawing room, morning room, gallery staircase, bath, 8 bedrooms, superior stabling, etc. £3,000.

£750.—FREEHOLD MARINE CHALET, on the cliffs, a drive from Brighton: entrance hall, 2 reception, bath, 4 bedrooms; also garden. Photos.

COBHAM AND ESHER DISTRICT.—Singularly charming RESIDENCE, with some large reception, bath, 7 bedrooms, servants' hall; stabling for 3; lovely ground, etc. of 2 acres; subsoil sand. Rent, £150.

KENT.—Half-hour London, on lovely heath. £2,500 or offer, or to LET, one of the prettiest places in the county: 3 reception, conservatory, billiard, bath, 8 bed and dressing rooms; excellent stabling, lovely gardens, studded with magnificent forest trees, orchard, etc; high, light soil; sacrifice. —EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

MAIDENHEAD (private lawn to river bank and creek.—Ideal RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 8 bed and dressing rooms; carriage drive; charmingly-timbered grounds; £3,300.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., as above.

NORFOLK.—1 mile from sea; 170 acres.—Small FARMHOUSE, nice garden, buildings, and cottages. Navigable river to Broads. Splendid land. Bargain.

FURNISHED.—One of the most charming places in Sussex, 1 hour from London, possessing unequalled views: lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 9 bed and dressing rooms; lodge, stabling, gardens, and meadows. Rent, £250.

PLEASURE FARM, 80 acres (no arable), mortgagee's bargain. situate near Horsham. £2,750, or offer—Gentleman's small RESIDENCE, on hill, containing: 3 reception, bath, 7 bedrooms; stabling, cottage, and farmery; grand scenery. Photos.—Sole agents. EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James', S.W.

£1,550, OR OFFER.—Charming old-fashioned modernised RESIDENCE and 40 acres of Pasture; stabling, excellent buildings; situate on a hill, 1½ hours' rail south from London; great sacrifice.—EDMUND SMITH and Co.; as above.

HERTS (¾ hour from London).—Choice RESIDENCE, approached by long drive, together with excellent stabling, farmery, nice gardens, woods, lake; grand views; cottage and 50 acres of rich and finely-timbered meadow land. Price, £4,250. Photos.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

DORKING (high), grand views; quaint RESIDENCE; beautiful lounge hall, 2 elegant reception, bath, 5 bedrooms; long drive. To be LET or SOLD cheap.

MAIN BRIGHTON LINE (1 hour Town).—Lovely old HOUSE (with ancient beams) containing: "Great Hall," 3 reception, bath, 10 bed and dressing rooms, all in perfect order; excellent stabling buildings, and about 35 acres of well-timbered pastures; or rock soil, with magnificent views of hills. Terms very moderate; to LET or SELL.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James', S.W.

TO LET OR FOR SALE, as a whole or divided, a splendid stretch of TROUT FISHING, with shooting over nearly 4,000 acres, and a moderate-sized FAMILY RESIDENCE and Park; 1¾ hours S.W. from London.

WARWICKSHIRE.—To be LET, a fine stone-built FAMILY RESIDENCE, with shooting over 1,200 acres; or Estate for Sale.

5 PER CENT. from Net Rents (1 hour N. from London). — Absolutely the cheapest RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE on the market, and including excellent Mansion and about 1,500 acres, affording good shooting and fishing; heavy timber included.

£20 AN ACRE.—SPORTING MANOR of nearly 600 acres, good proportion grass and woods, 1 hour S.W.; charming old-fashioned unpretentious RESIDENCE (21 rooms), delightful gardens, cottages, farmhouse, etc.

£16 AN ACRE.—FREEHOLD ESTATE of nearly 1,000 acres, practically all let, to show 4¾ per cent., and yielding an enormous game bag for its area; commodious Manor Residence, with lovely grounds, extensive woods, excellent farms; about 1 hour from London; 1,500 acres extra shooting rented.

£8 AN ACRE.—Romantic RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE of about 2,000 acres, with moderate-sized Mansion; excellent trout fishing and all-round shooting; situate in the loveliest country in England, about 4 hours from London.

Photos of above personally-inspected estates of EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James', S.W.

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DELICATE CONSTITUTIONS, LADIES, CHILDREN, AND INFANTS.

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Super High-Class Lubricants.

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"CYCLOPS" (thick) for gear wheels.

"CASTORINE" A for air-cooled Engines.

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"FONDROLINE" for drip-feed Lubricators, and various parts of cars.

Put up in **1**-quart canisters **1/6** each, and **1**-gallon drums **4/6** each. With convenient Screw Caps.
CYCLOPS (solidified) in tins, **9d.** each.

Livett Frank & Son

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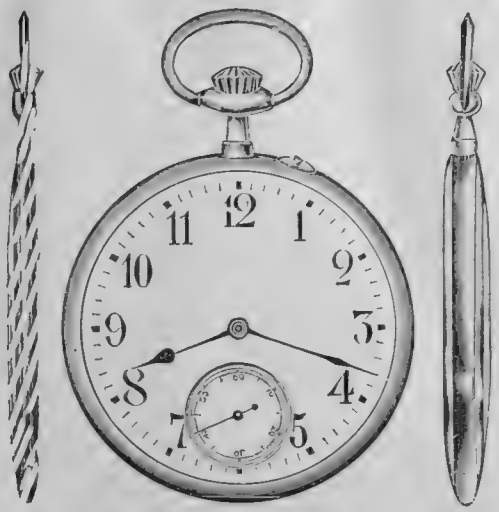

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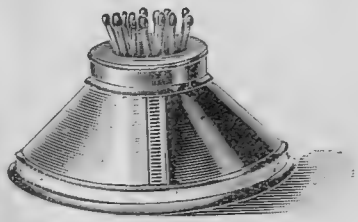

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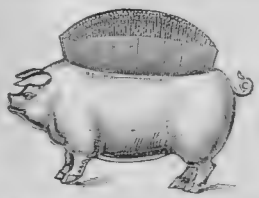

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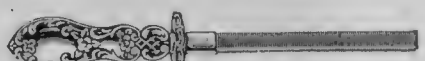

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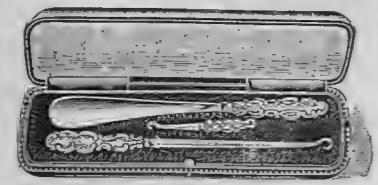

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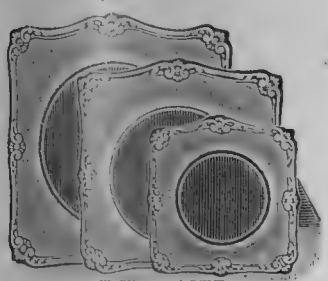

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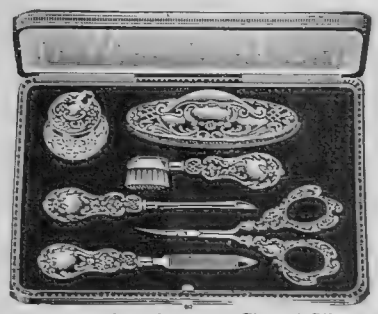

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FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Furs have at last achieved their end, and practically absorb all our daily attentions, and the vague bolero, or coatee, is coming in an emphatic first.

Thus our initial text, and it is one we would preach *ad nauseam*. Never within the recollection of woman has there been such a *furore* over furs, nor, in the humble opinion of Ambrosine and myself, have we as yet by any means plumbed the depths of the cult.

One house of renowned exclusiveness is specialising to a pronounced extent in the short coatee that escapes the figure. A model of Russian sable that aroused within us most dangerous predatory instincts, drooped everywhere over a draped belt of soft cherry-coloured kid, the fronts, on being thrown back, revealing facings of velvet in the same bright roseate hue.

Here also is the embroidered kid vest an almost ubiquitous feature, a black caracule effort, one of the simpler events disclosing, in addition to a narrow line of grey kid vest, little embroidered applications on the fur itself, worked round with steel and untarnishable silver.

A charming Evening Cloak for Winter wear

This cloak is of dull-surfaced white cloth, the edges hemmed everywhere with ermine, the sleeves ruffled with appliqué lace, and throughout there is carried a lining of rose-blush satin

The Omnipotence of Sleeves

But you will be enquiring, many of you, and justifiably urging, wherein lies the distinction between the fur bolero of to-day and that of yesterday. And, lacking the illuminative word of sleeves, we might have fit cause for ire against those who undertake to inspire fresh vogues. Over the creation of sleeves, however, the whole concentrated effort of the modistic world is at present set, and in the case of the fur coatee, a special law has apparently been ruled, that the culminating width shall occur above the elbow, the shoulders being kept more or less flat, and the forearm enveloped in a mass of lace and plissé chiffon ruffles.

Thus the *manche* of studied silhouette, to which a favoured alternative is found in the wide-wing sleeve, that is also

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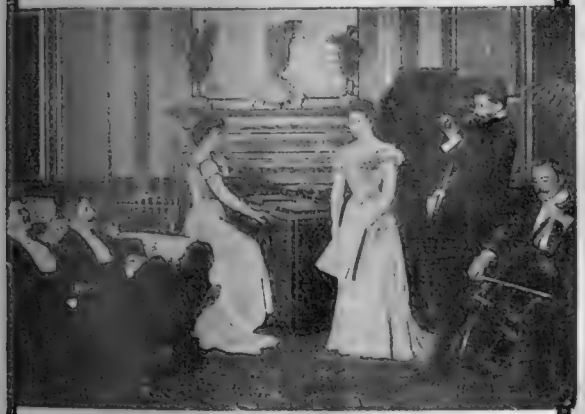

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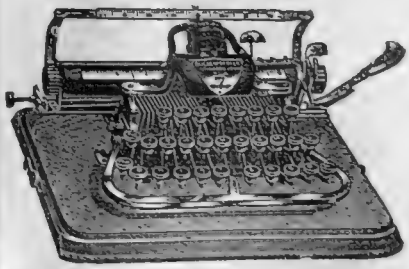

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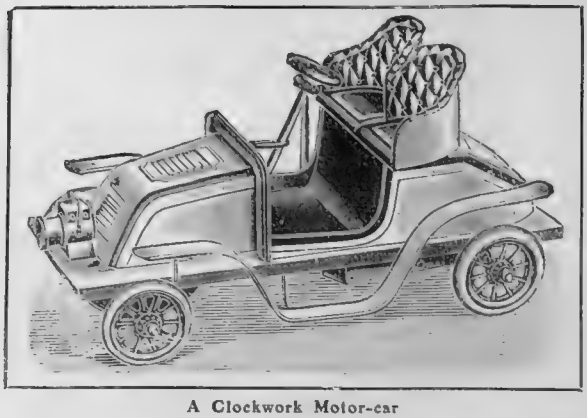

A Clockwork Motor-car

generously beruffled with lace, and this sleeve practically monopolises the situation. But few will grudge it the position, since it effects the very epitome of elegance.

Then, as Ambrosine rightly observes, it is a veritable moment of fur remnants, for there is literally no limit to the laws of alliance. Perhaps the most completely novel is sable and chinchilla, which we remarked doing distinctive service in the guise of a handsome cape stole with long ends, and one of the new bag-shaped muffs, with a loose, or rather detached, cuff finish ; a single line of chinchilla dividing two of sable, being privileged to fashion the stole, while the reverse order consummated the muff.

Mink and ermine again "marry," as the French say, with enchanting *éclat*, though ermine, alas ! is becoming terribly prohibitive, and the little tails are the most expensive item of it all. And speaking of ermine, is not that

A Bewitching Evening Cloak

our artist has pictured, a real Romney thing, of dull-surfaced white cloth, the edges hemmed everywhere with ermine, the great sleeves ruffled with appliqué lace, and throughout there is carried a lining of rose-blush satin, while a great granny muff imparts the finishing touch to a genuinely picturesque persuasion.

A Revived Controversy

And one that means business this time, has to do with the *matinée* hat. Paris has succumbed, but mind you, only after some serious tribulation, before the reason and courtesy of the incidental "Bequin," and has authorised, furthermore, its creation in jewelled materials, such as cloth of gold, embroidered in Byzantine style with turquoise and topaz. There is a certain milliner, Mirelle by name, of Conduit Street, who has been steadily advocating the "Bequin" for the last twelve months, perhaps longer, and her conception of the idea is quite charmingly expressed in these jewelled materials, bunched either side with pastel-shaded roses, the latter in deference to the amiably adaptable character, which may be counted as the first element of success in the cause of these theatre head-dresses.

And, while we are on the subject of *chapeaux*, we would fain say a few words in praise of the resuscitated Turban, quite delightfully realised in velvet and fur, or chiffon and velvet, an almost inevitable feature being a sweeping ostrich plume at the one side. There is, too, a variation of this style, which is difficult to define, since it belongs to no recognisable period, but which may be briefly described as a turban, with the brim caught into an upstanding loop at either side, a manipulation that affords, as may be readily imagined, a sense of breadth immeasurably helpful to the majority of English faces.

It was a story we encountered, most impressively told in chinchilla and grey chiffon, with a cluster of

A flat revolving silver Match-box

Silver-mounted Trinket Cases in velvet

A fumed oak Bridge Box, with silver corners and lettering

A Motor meet in Toyland

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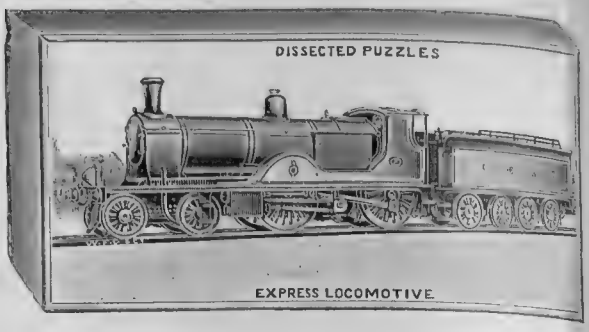
realistic gardenias, and their rich, deep-green foliage, laid flat on the crown at the left side, and one long string of chiffon that was worn flung round the throat. Somehow, the whole thought of the model suggested skating at Prince's, at which social rendezvous we remark a predilection for felt hats encircled by a perfect forest of tulle ruches. Felt and tulle; marabout and fur: i' faith, we live in daring times, and grow less respectful every day of tradition.



An Aladdin's Palace of Delights

A moment that is haunting us with pleasurable anticipation is the saunter we shall shortly take, accompanied by two small imps of mischief, through the Christmas Bazaar at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road. *Experientia docet*, the past in this instance teaching us the advisability of taking a preliminary survey, with a view to keeping cool and collected amidst the stress of that personally-conducted tour. And it is fresh from this preparatory skirmish, we come, as we fondly trust, in a spirit disposed to be helpful to others in like case to ourselves.

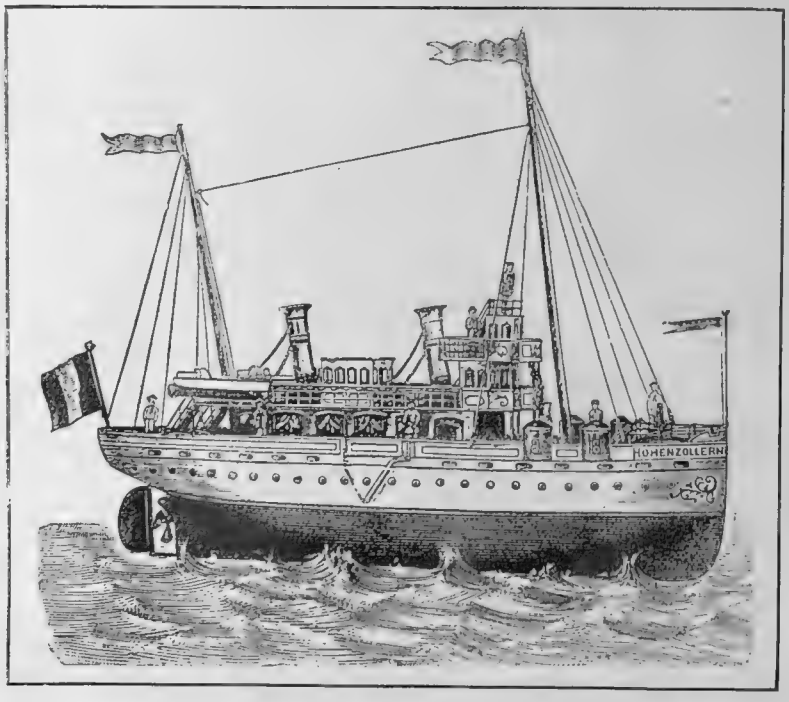
Well! Initially the bazaar at Shoolbred's is one of the largest on record: it overflows several departments, and from the moment when the eye is caught at the entrance by a piled up mountain of a new fairy ball, that is as light as the proverbial feather, to the end, when exhausted by the *embarras de choix*, we are introduced to a surfeit of novel games, having taken *en route* every conceivable fancy immortalised by the toy world, it is one long exclamation of rapture and delight.

The craze of the age, motor-cars, are bewilderingly represented, every fad finding faithful recognition. Indeed, the realism of these ingenious toys almost surpasses anything ever before achieved; and that all incomes may participate in the joy of these toys, Messrs. Shoolbred have begun them at the lowest possible rate, namely 6½*d.*, the majority, of course, being worked by clockwork. The adjoined group, by-the-way, embodies this fancy, together with a large, full-rigged cruiser—another irresistible attraction to the man that is to be. These naval efforts at Tottenham House are *really real*, as the little boy said, and consequently instructive as well as amusing. And clockwork boats commence from 10½*d.* each.

Another capital amusement, for the mechanically-disposed boy, is the dissected puzzle engine, and there is also a dissected clock. These should provoke unalloyed happiness, to say nothing of the peace and quietude engendered thereby in the nursery ark. While, for still more advanced boyhood, there is a faithful and *really real* replica of Marconi's wireless telegraphy, worked by the Morse code, beautifully got-up in a polished case, for only £3. Always untiring is the enterprise of Messrs. Shoolbred in securing *le dernier cri* in games, and this season they are, if anything, stronger than ever in this respect.

The success of Volna, a species of table football, is well assured, as is Century Cricket, the latter quite inexpensive, only 1*s.* 6*d.* the box; and another complete novelty is a game called Pickles, on which we were pleased to accept the assurance of our guide and mentor that it provided roaring fun.

There is, too, a choice of hall-marked silver goods—fantasies that can do no wrong in whatever guise they are presented—unparalleled for good taste and novelty, comprising clocks, photo frames, trinket boxes, letter-weights, and silver-back toilet sets—the newest of these latter carrying a very finely-chased border round a plain, highly-polished surface. Bridge boxes, it goes without saying, abound, and out of the *galère* the one illustrated was chosen as a novelty in fumed oak, with heavy silver corners and lettering. Another capital notion is the flat revolving silver match-box, while the two velvet silver-mounted trinket boxes are offered as a text to a never-ending sermon of similar seductions. And such, in brief, is the gospel of Christmas gifts at the great house of Shoolbred.



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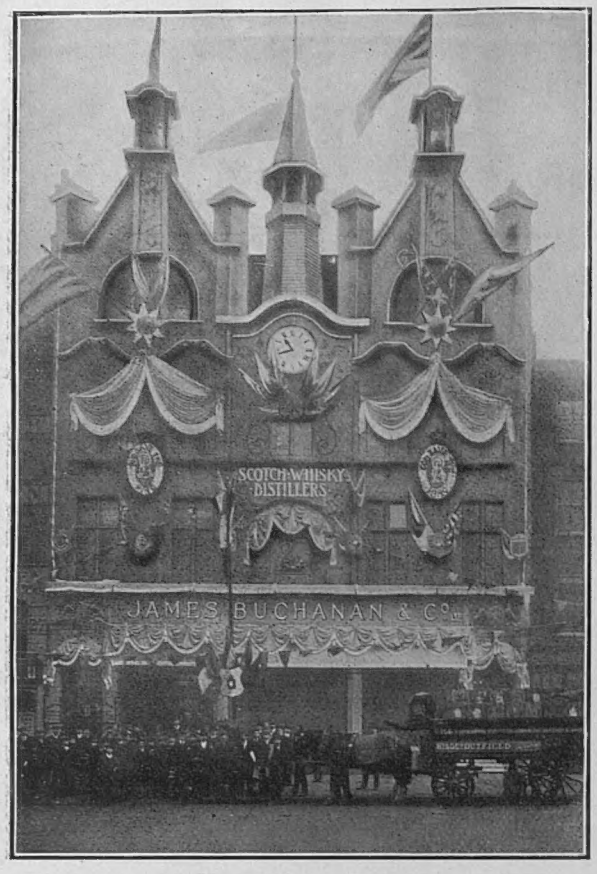

The premises of Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., in Holborn, decorated for the progress through the City of the King and Queen of Portugal

London has long been famous for the lavishness of its decorations in welcoming guests of the nation, and during the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal, they were even more evident than usual, owing to the popularity of the genial monarch and his charming consort. Of all the business houses, it is commonly agreed that Messrs. James Buchanan and Company's premises in Holborn were the most artistically decorated. This famous old firm of Scotch whisky distillers have been good enough to lends us a photograph of their premises, which we have pleasure in reproducing for our readers. Unfortunately the arts of photography do not in any way give an adequate idea of the beautiful colour scheme of the decorations.

A Delightful Table Water

Six months ago, an ideal natural Table Water seemed too good a thing to be true, yet within that period such a water has been put before the British public, and met with a warm reception. "Perrier," as it is called, is now to be found at the best West-End and City Hotels, and its proprietors announce this week that they have been honoured with a Royal Warrant of Appointment to His Majesty the King. "Perrier" comes from the south of France, and its waters were known to the Romans for their extraordinary degree of purity. One of the chief advantages possessed by this water is its delightfully crisp, sub-acid flavour, which refreshes and invigorates the palate. A sample case containing two large, two small, and two quarter bottles, will be sent to anyone forwarding P.O. for 2s., to 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W.

The "Siege Baby" Fund

Many of our readers will recollect that in our issue of November 16 we published a photograph of Miss Patience Siege Walker, and that we also gave an account of the pitiable plight of this little girl's family. Patience was born during the siege of Ladysmith, her mother being among the few non-combatants who were in the town the whole time it was besieged: the reason being that the little girl was born during the siege, and her mother could not, therefore, leave with the other non-combatants. Every stick of furniture the family possessed, and the very home they lived in, was destroyed by shot and shell, and now Mr. Walker, who himself fought through both the South African wars, has practically lost his sight. Since he is an architect by profession, this means a total loss of work, and the family is, therefore, plunged into the utmost poverty. We were a little disappointed that there was not a more ready response from our readers, to whom we thought this distressing case of gentlefolks being reduced, absolutely without fault of their own, would have appealed, but we have much pleasure in acknowledging, with many thanks, the following small amounts, which help, we know, will be deeply appreciated by the family, who are again in Ladysmith.

	£	s.	d.
"The Bystander"	1	1	0
E. Rigby, Esq.	0	10	6
W. J. Edwards, Esq.	0	10	6
"G. S."	0	10	0
Alan Francis, Esq.	0	5	0
"F. F."	0	2	6
"Six Sympathisers"	0	10	0
"A. C. H."	0	2	6
D. Donkin, Esq.	1	0	0
Total	£4	12	0

We shall be very pleased to receive and acknowledge any further contributions our readers may feel able to send to assist this genuine case of distress.

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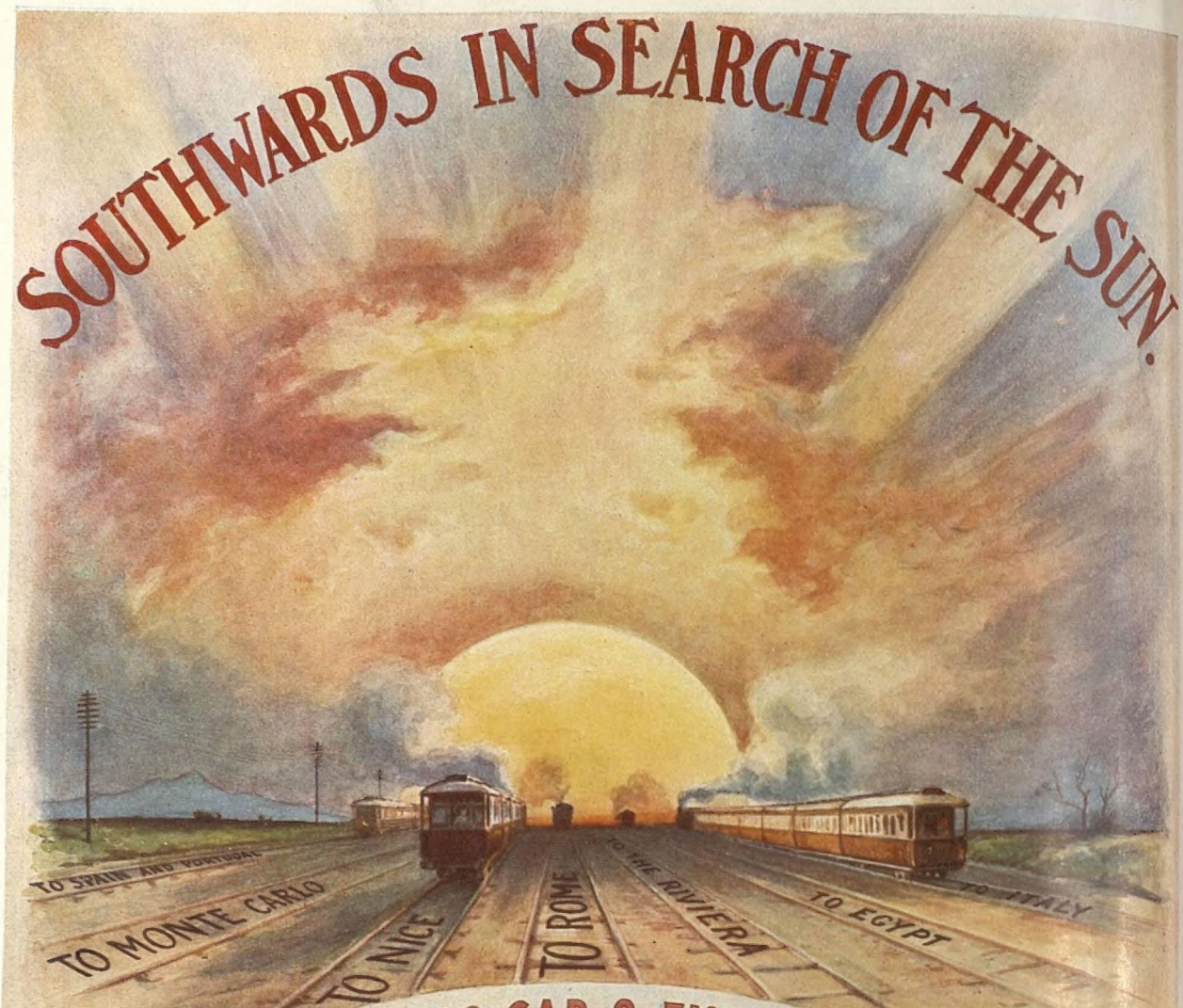

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